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The Week.

President Roosevelt's proclamations, adding some 17,000,000 acres to the forest reservations, were issued under date of March 2. That was just before he signed an act of Congress forbidding such reservations hereafter to be made except by Congress itself. Obviously, it required a good deal of determination on the President's part thus to set himself against the declared wishes of Congress, yet we think he was justified. There was no question of his lawful power. He was acting under the statute of 1891. And, as he points out, the studies and surveys for these particular reservations had been long under way, and the preparation of the papers necessary to create the reserves had been ordered, in many cases, two years ago. If the next Congress chooses to review and reverse the President's action, it can do so; but meanwhile a sound and established land policy has been pursued. We believe, with the President, that the time has come to conserve the remaining forests, with other unexploited resources still under Government control, so that their product may be used in the best way possible for coming generations. The old plan of indiscriminate and wasteful exploitation was perhaps inevitable in the earlier stages of our national growth, but we have now got beyond that. When the whole policy comes to be better understood, we have little doubt that the country will sustain Mr. Roosevelt's course in the matter.

But two of the latest changes in President Roosevelt's much-changed Cabinet excite much interest. The retirement of Secretary Hitchcock deprives the public service of a man who has made a high reputation for courage, honesty, and justice. His successor, Mr. Garfield, will have Mr. Hitchcock's fine record before him both as a standard and a spur. He can scarcely expect to equal it in the two years he has to serve, but he may be expected to bring to his work frankness, quiet industry, and the ability demonstrated in his oil report. Far more important may easily prove to be Mr. Cortelyou's accession to the Treasury Department. Unlike Mr. Garfield, he will have to note his predecessor's footsteps, mainly to avoid following in them. In addition, we may count upon Mr. Cortelyou's putting into force those excellent administrative ideas in which he has been officially bred, and which he has exemplified in his other positions. For his ideas on financial policy, we shall have to wait. Apparently, he will have plain sailing, for a year at least. Almost anybody can administer an overflowing Treasury—"any ass can take Rangoon," said Wellington. It is stress or crisis or panic that brings out the great financier.

The withdrawal of the Subsidy bill by Senator Gallinger without a vote, an hour before the expiration of the session of Congress, ended in a fitting way a dubious legislative chapter. It may fairly be said that none of the ordinary arguments against the propriety of talking a bill to death under sanction of the Senate rules, applied to Mr. Carmack's good-humored filibuster. Republican Senators were openly expressing their view of the folly of jamming through so important a measure in the closing hours of the session. If this had been the same bill which the Senate passed at the last session, the case would have been different. The House had not only trimmed the measure out of all recognition, but had then reversed itself on the question of passage, voting first one way and then the other. If it is a perversion of the rule for a member to hold the floor and prevent a vote on the bill in the Senate, it is no less a technicality to wait for five Democrats to leave the chamber and then secure a second vote at the other end of the Capitol. No one has so much as suggested that any mandate of the people, or even deep Congressional determination, has been defeated in the failure of this measure. Aside from the immediate beneficiaries, the whole country will be disposed to acquiesce in the outcome.

The only piece of Philippine legislation of this year, the bill creating an agricultural bank, has the unusual distinction of becoming law without the Speaker's approval. No one will blame Mr. Cannon for assuming, as he did, that there was not nearly enough interest in Philippine relief to secure the necessary two-thirds majority. On that supposition, he let the bill come up, when a platoon of Democrats suddenly joined the Republicans and helped carry the bill to passage. The chief credit for this legislation, however, belongs to Secretary Taft, who worked untiringly to secure for the Filipinos an agricultural bank on the lines of that established by Lord Cromer in Egypt. His efforts obtained Democratic votes in both House and Senate. Under the terms of the act, the Philippine Commission is authorized to guarantee 4 per cent. interest on the capital stock of the bank for a period of twenty-five years, the Commission's liability never to exceed $500,000. The bank itself can make loans only for the purpose of assisting agriculture. None of its loans may exceed $5,000, and interest may not be charged above 10 per cent. That it will do much to improve the agriculture of the Philippines is the prediction of those who are most familiar with the subject. Since we are not willing to give the Filipino farmer access to our markets, this bank is at least something to be thankful for.

After devoting eight months to the plan of building the Panama Canal by contract, the President has finally announced its abandonment, simultaneously with the resignation of the chief engineer, John F. Stevens. The amended Oliver bid is rejected; for the President has discovered, with extraordinary *naïveté*, that behind such groups of contractors are large financial concerns which take the major part of the profits. But the surprises do not stop there: the whole of the canal building is now put into the hands of army engineers. Had all this shifting about and changing of plan occurred under a Democratic Administration, the heavens would ring with Republican lamentations over the demonstrated incapacity of the Democrats to do any constructive work. Yet as a whole the public will, we think, approve heartily the latest plan to turn over the task to the army engineers. That insures at least the honest construction of the canal. In the whole history of the Engineer Corps, now more than a century old, there have been only two serious scandals. So far as Major Goethals, the new head of the engineering work, is concerned, we know nothing which is not favorable. Graduated from West Point in 1880, he became a lieutenant-colonel last week at the age of forty-eight. He has had a varied engineering experience, and has also seen war service with the army, while his membership in the General Staff bespeaks his high standing with his comrades. He has had, moreover, the benefit of the personal training of Brig.-Gen. Mackenzie, the able head of the Engineer Corps, whose selection he undoubtedly is. More than that, Major Goethals has the reputation among contractors of being fair and judicial-minded, while a thoroughly capable supervisor.

The Senate committee investigating the Brownsville affair has examined between forty and fifty witnesses without obtaining a shred of evidence to connect a single soldier with the alleged outrages. It was at first thought that,

as B and D companies were quickly formed and placed in position, C company probably contained the guilty men. But the discovery that this company had only a peculiar kind of ammunition—guard ammunition—capable of carrying but 200 yards, and that not a single cartridge of this make was found in the streets, tends to exculpate these men. They turned in after the trouble the exact number of cartridges—650—that was issued to them. From the evidence thus far, any judge would instruct the jury to acquit those against whom the charges are made. Some other evidence less favorable may in time be brought out—it is to be hoped that the evidence of the Brownsville people will be thoroughly sifted. But enough has come out to show how inexcusable was the President's haste.

After a hard fight, the Alabama House of Representatives receded from its position in regard to the proposed immigration bureau and consented to provide an immigration commissioner at a salary of $2,400, to be under the direction of the Governor and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Industries. Other Southern States may now be expected to fall into line, and there will be an increase in the speculation as to the effect of a large foreign immigration upon the negro problem. This is a case where the old advice to catch the hare first is worth considering. But if many foreigners should be brought in, the negro may be helped; at least, it is hard to believe that the newcomers would at once absorb the bitter prejudices of the South in regard to the black man. The latter may also be stimulated and improved by a sharp competition in his own field. Whether the cliques which control Southern politics to-day would look with favor upon the rapid naturalization of many foreigners is also doubtful. The whole tendency of recent years has been in one way or another to cut down the number of white men exercising the suffrage. What the negro will lose in some directions he may gain in others.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed a bill which, in the form of a local option measure, is expected "to mark the banishment of the voting machine from the State." The State will stop buying the machines on its own account. The argument which seems to have carried most weight is that, by listening to the clicks, a bystander can tell whether a split or a straight ticket is being voted. On this point the whole voting-machine question at present hinges. Yet on the voting machines which have been exhibited in this city, the possibility of voting with practically no sound has been demonstrated. But the average man who records his vote carelessly is likely to make a noise for every pull of the lever. The time spent in the booth is also evidence as to the kind of ticket voted. The point made by the voting-machine companies that a straight voter can simulate the splitting of a ticket is irrelevant, because that is a thing the straight voter never by any chance wants to do. If a split-ticket voter could pretend to vote straight, the argument would be more satisfactory. In the cities of this State which have used voting machines, there has been much favorable and little adverse comment—except for the breakdown at Elmira. The quick and sure ascertainment of results has made the device popular in a State cursed with a clumsy and uncertain system of tallying, and perennial election contests. Nevertheless, certain objections to the voting machine will continue to exist so long as the law provides a partisan form of ballot. Adopt the Massachusetts-Australian ballot, or even a party-column ballot, without provision for voting a straight ticket at one stroke, and it would not matter if every movement of a lever exploded a bomb-shell. The number of detonations is the same, no matter what manner of ticket is voted, and the secrecy of the "ballot" is protected. That the adoption of the voting machine without any change in the form of ballot would be an improvement on our present system is a very general opinion. This is not equivalent, however, to saying that we ought to install voting machines everywhere at once. We have expressed the opinion before that a reform of the ballot is the first requisite. That will remove the chief valid objection to machine voting.

The argument for increasing the salaries of our teachers, especially those in college, was urged with much force by President J. G. Schurman at the dinner of the Cornell alumni in this city Saturday night. He is the third or fourth college president who within a few months has laid this subject before New York graduates; it has also been discussed in the magazines—notably by Prof. J. B. Fletcher of Columbia in the January issue of the *Educational Review*. President Schurman's plea was not specifically for Cornell; he spoke rather in behalf of the general cause of education. The average salary of college and university professors in the United States is, as he pointed out, only $1,500. "The maximum salary is seldom more than $3,000 or $4,000, and then only in or near great cities, in which the $5,000 to $7,000 actually paid represents no real increase." This income is far below that of engineers, lawyers, and physicians. Indeed, the salaries of college professors have remained practically stationary for two decades, while the cost of living has increased 50 per cent. President Schurman would not make the pay of the professor so large that it would "serve as a bribe" to those who do not feel the "inner call." He and all who have studied this grave problem know that the salaries are always likely to be too low rather than too high; but he utters a plain warning that the salaries must suffice to provide the ordinary comforts of life for the teacher's family, must supply him with necessary books, and educate his children. On any other terms ambitious men will be frightened away from the profession. And, he adds, "if the ablest young men of the country cease to become teachers in our highest institutions of learning, the training of the rising generation will suffer, ideas will become stagnant, and the boundaries of knowledge will cease to expand." In fine, the evidence is irresistible that the time has come when our college benefactors can perform the greatest service, not by devoting their money to buildings and material equipment, but to strengthening the teaching force.

The theory of the life insurance presidency is apparently still in a nebulous condition. In certain circles it is imagined that the office requires a great financier, at a salary of from eighty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. In Ohio, on the other hand, the prominent business men of Columbus are investing their money in a new company which is content to lodge its presidency in the hands of the already busy president of the State University. One can hardly regard this extreme as preferable to the other. Unless Dr. William O. Thompson gives to his new position an amount of attention entirely incompatible with his duties to the old, he is very likely to be pained, some day, with the discovery that an honored name has been used to cover transactions which its bearer cannot approve. Honest insurance does not need the costly services of a "high financier," but it does need the undivided attention of an exceedingly watchful and competent head, merely to avoid recurring temptations, if there were no other reason.

Few, if any, writers can show so long a list of books, all marked with the hand of the skilled craftsman, as W. D. Howells. And now, having passed his seventieth birthday, he may properly sign himself Dean of American Letters. If a vote could be taken by his fellow-countrymen, perhaps they might not declare him most honored, but they certianly would most loved, of all our literary men. To readers in England especially, as may be observed in the British reviews, Mr. Howells has for many years held a position somewhat apart. Per-

haps they are keener than we are to admire the old-fashioned care and conscientiousness with which his work is turned out, so different from the robustious insouciance of most of our younger authors. In this respect his only peer is Henry James. It would be curious to contrast the artistic career of these two novelists, who began with a style so much alike and have gradually drifted so far asunder. How much has the transplanting of Mr. James had to do with his gradual loss of grip on the homely realities of life? The question, almost answered by the consistent and unchanging realism of Mr. Howells, might be proposed to the present holder of the Editor's Easy Chair in *Harper's*.

The appeal of Alexis Aladyin to the people of the United States not to give to the Russian Government the financial help which it may fail to get in London or Paris, but rather "to shut off Russia from the money markets of America, in the name of your glorious past," was in all human probability unnecessary. Russia has knocked at the door of Wall Street many times, and with little success. Some half-dozen years ago, when the American market was subscribing freely for British consols, German Imperial bonds, and even the loans of Continental cities, the Russian Government became urgent in its appeal. As a result, some $1,100,000,000 new Russian bonds were formally placed on the New York market. Two friendly life insurance companies, with something of an axe to grind in Russia, purchased respectively twelve and three millions; but this was a bagatelle. The real appeal to the public came when the New York Stock Exchange committee solemnly "listed" the billion-dollar Russian loan, and the Czar sent to the "listing committee," as a token of his pleasure, a valuable silver vase. Thus the loan was launched, but from that day to this not a single transaction in it has occurred on the Stock Exchange. If this was a fair measure of the disposition of American investors at the high-tide of their enthusiasm, the chance of drawing them into the game to-day is surely slender. Whether Mr. Aladyin is correct in his idea that Russ'a can float no more external loans in Europe, is another question. Despite official denials, it is entirely probable that another Russian loan will presently be offered in Paris, and possibly in Berlin. Recent experience has taught that Government some interesting lessons. It learned in October, 1905, that it could not float a loan, even in friendly Paris, while the Russian people were in insurrection; it learned in April, 1906, that it could do so if the Czar made at least a show of bowing to the popular will and summoning a Parliament. Last April, M. Witte was shrewd enough to use the enthusiasm over the Duma to the full; he borrowed from Paris and London no less than $440,000,000, of which the final instalment was paid to the Government only last month. The floating of a Russian foreign loan during the anarchy of last autumn would have been inconceivable. The 5 per cents of last April then sold on the Paris market 6 to 8 points below even the'r issue price. All this means that, in their own particular interest, Europe's investment communities will scan suspiciously the Russian political situation before taking new and extensive risks.

Gen. Smirnoff's revelations as to the conditions which prevailed within Port Arthur during the siege, have already been discounted by newspaper accounts of the conduct of the generals chiefly responsible. At the same time, a severer indictment of Gen. Stoessel, from the military point of view, could hardly be drawn. Such total incapacity and indifference are the proper measure of that demoralization of the Russian army, which had begun long before the Japanese war. The statements of Gens. Kuropatkin and Smirnoff completely refute the charge that if the Russian people had been whole-souled and patriotic in their support of the army, the Japanese victories could not have occurred. Obviously, the Russian defeat was foreordained, and the Japanese were doubtless fully informed as to the exact degree of jealousy, immorality, and incapacity to be expected among their opponents. But this bursting into print of the conquered generals is surely novel. In a democracy, as in ours in 1898 and 1899, we look for something of the kind. In an autocracy, however, it was not to be expected that the generalissimos would fall foul of one another in the press.

In adding the question of Church disestablishment to the long list of reforms the British House of Commons has drawn up for itself, the Liberal party would seem, at first sight, to be borrowing unnecessary trouble. There is, of course, no prospect of any serious attempt at the separation of Church and State for years to come; that the Government admitted when it refused to assume responsibility for the motion for disestablishment and disendowment. This was carried by a vote of 198 to 90 in a thin House. Such motions, however, serve the purpose of the Liberals in raising another issue for the Unionists and the Lords to worry over, and also in tending to cement the allegiance of the various groups in the Government party by offering them recognition of their principles. That the party in power is bound to grow weaker with time is evident, and its policy is to give battle as soon as possible. At the same time, there is little probability that the Liberal Ministry will disappear by attrition in the course of many bye-elections, like the Balfour Government. It will go down in a great *débâcle* or win another overwhelming triumph.

The discussion in the Italian Chamber of Deputies last week shows that even there the question of woman suffrage is being taken seriously. In England the aggressive campaign of the suffragettes, while doing some harm to the cause, has indubitably attracted popular attention to the subject in a way probably impossible by peaceful methods. To prove that the educated and professionally employed English women want the ballot, a petition has been circulated among them with great success, the literary women leading in signing this appeal to Parliament. Now that there is a private bill before the House of Commons, the agitation is certain to reach a white heat before the sitting is over, and members of the House, who have been so free in promising to support the cause at some distant date, will have to show their true colors. Campbell-Bannerman, too, must soon decide whether he will push the measure enthusiastically and send it to the House of Lords, or whether he will let it drift along. Probably he is not anxious to do either, in view of the existing relations with the upper house.

There is a delightful inconsequence in a recent dispatch from Berlin, which speaks of the erection of wireless telegraph stations at nearly all the Moroccan ports by a French syndicate. As a result, we are told, British and German merchants fear that the wool trade and "the fluctuations of the silver currency" will pass under French control. Where the connection comes in it is rather hard to see, except in the sense that good communications corrupt a competitor's chances. It is true, nevertheless, that French commercial enterprise in Morocco is meeting with increasing success. The figures for the country's trade in 1905 show that, while Germany's share has remained stationary at about 13,000,000 francs and Great Britain's has experienced a decline of about 15 per cent. to 37,000,000 francs, France has forged ahead with a total trade of 43,000,000 francs. The increase is explained as due partly to the failure of the crops in 1904, which necessitated the importation of more food, coming chiefly from France and her colonies, but partly also to the influx of French settlers in the various ports. In Tangier the French colony numbers over a thousand. No less than eleven lines of steamships connect the Moroccan ports with Algeria or Marseilles.

HARRIMAN'S REWARD.

The Harriman inquiry is "ended," announce the newspapers. But in Wall Street and banking circles the question which is being soberly asked is whether Harriman himself is not ended. This does not mean that his continuing power, through the control of great wealth, is in doubt. He has his millions, and may go smother himself in them. But it is gravely doubted whether his days as an active and open manipulator of railroad securities are not drawing to a close. What enterprise with which his name might hereafter be connected would not be, from the beginning, violently suspect? What directorate would in the future think to gain public confidence, or to draw investments, by displaying E. H. Harriman among its members? Visions of looting, of secret self-voted dividends, of stock-jobbing, of properties squeezed dry by its guardians, would at once rise before every man who saw that name, and could read, and had a memory and common prudence. It is considerations of this order which are shaping the financial opinion that Harriman is "through."

We do not profess to know anything about this. Mr. Harriman may or may not conclude to "retire." That step, after all, would not greatly signify. The certain and salutary thing is that Mr. Harriman has verily received his reward. He went for millions, and he has got them. He cared not for the contempt of decent people, and he has got that. In his own person he illustrates to-day, on a scale visible across the land, the infallible working of the moral law as laid down, for example, in Emerson's essay on "Compensation." "The swindler swindles himself." He who admits no moral standard but "the base estimate of the market," will find himself in the end regarded, not as a real man, but as a baled article for sale.

In this sort of moral atmosphere which certain men, in their mad, unscrupulous pursuit of great riches, unconsciously create about themselves, there exists a punishment more fearful than any which could be devised by statute. Its victim spends busy years with no thought except how to heap up money by craft and trick and oppression. He is meanwhile surrounded by toadies and exploiters who fill his narrow field of vision, and keep him unaware of the verdict which the large community of moral people is all the while preparing to pronounce upon him. Too late, he wakes to what he has done. He has chosen great riches rather than a good name. But his wealth can neither hide nor alter the opinion of his fellow-men, which is thrust upon him in ways that he cannot escape. He discovers that he is friendless—save for those who fawn upon him for their own ends. His attempts to rehabilitate himself by large gifts to education, to charity, or religion are unavailing. The judgment has been passed upon him, and can be changed by nothing which he may do. He is increasingly shunned, hated, despised. It is into this sort of moral penumbra that Mr. Harriman now enters, with his booty clutched to his heart.

We have nothing whatever against him personally; but we can only consider the fate which has overtaken him to be most exemplary. He thought that the people upon whom he was preying were defenceless. He boasted that he had gone only "so far as the law allowed him." Perhaps he is right in thinking that he has nothing to dread from courts and juries. But there is something more formidable and crushing than a legal process. It is the deliberately formed opinion of 80,000,000 of people that a man's wealth is ill-gotten, because his methods have been dishonorable and heartless. Against that, what can uncounted millions do?

In another way, we hope, the moral demonstration made by Mr. Harriman's reward will do good. It should serve as a warning to those who come after him in the management of the great railroad systems. The law defines such common carriers as being "affected by a public interest." The Harriman plan has been to allow nothing but private interest in them. To seize every penny possible, to omit no occasion to make greed disgusting by even voting himself $100,000 for his eminent services in overburdening the road he had "reorganized," to grab all the cash in the till before leaving—that has been, in effect, the method of railroad management unfolded last week at the investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But is this thing to go on? May we not hope for a generation of railroad managers who will put the public interest first? No one objects to a reasonable, even a large, compensation for their skilled services. High talent should be highly paid. But such a swinish attitude as Harriman's should be hereafter tabooed, not alone on moral grounds, but for business considerations. For nothing is more certain than that, if the railroad business should be generally conducted on the good old Harriman plan, there would soon be no private railroad business to conduct.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

The Fifty-ninth Congress, just adjourned, has in three particulars broken all records. It had a larger Republican majority in both House and Senate than any of its predecessors since the Reconstruction period; it appropriated more money, $1,800,131,984.95 in all; and it talked more, filling over 17,000 pages of the *Congressional Record* with its verbal output. Beyond these manifest distinctions, there is room for differences of opinion as wide as those which annually exist between Democrats and Republicans with regard to the state of the Treasury twelve months ahead.

That Congress could keep up for another year the pace set at the session which gave the country, one after another, the railroad rate law, the meat inspection law, the pure food law, free alcohol, Statehood for Oklahoma, and other conspicuous and meritorious measures, was not to be expected. It is at least worth remark that, after being "very, very good" for a year, the National Legislature should have passed so promptly the largest of all River and Harbor bills, provided service pensions for all veterans over sixty-two, and raised the salaries of its own members 25 per cent. Congress did, in fact, trade a little on its well-earned reputation of the year before. Yet the prophecies of a complete reaction against reform legislation have not been justified. The subsidy bill, it is true, received its *coup de grâce* only an hour before the session closed. But it was a very little and a dwindling subsidy at best. A big or comprehensive subsidy scheme would never have stood a chance. As it is, the subsidy grabbers will have to begin again their attempts to drive an entering wedge.

On the constructive side, the second session alone of this Congress leaves a record substantially equal to that of all three sessions of the Fifty-eighth. It has prohibited the contributions of national banks and of corporations to campaign funds, given the Government a limited right of appeal in criminal cases, extended to farmers the privilege of making free denatured alcohol, and limited to sixteen the number of consecutive hours that any railroad employee may be on duty continuously. More or less valuable legislation was passed relating to immigration (though with the Japanese proviso appended), to citizenship, and to the currency. Official inquiries on immigration, the labor of women and children, and the postal deficit were provided for.

One subject heads to-day every list of measures passed on to future Congresses. That is the revision of the tariff. "To a Republican Congress and a Republican President this great question can be safely intrusted," said the last national Republican platform. Yet we may well wonder how many of the citizens who voted for Roosevelt in 1904 would have believed that the Republican Congress which came into office through this former free-trader's popularity, could have finished its two years' labors without so much as a hearing on the readjustment of a ten-year-old tariff law, and without a single admonition from a White House ringing with ad-

monitions on a dozen other subjects.

It is a paradox that a Congress which has given so much of its time to grudging acquiescence in popular demands, which is commonly judged, in fact, according to the extent to which it has or has not followed President Roosevelt's various recommendations, should at the same time have done so much to make itself master in its own field. For several years there has been a quiet contest in progress between Congress and the departments. The latter were asking for amounts that Congress thought extravagant, and then, when the money was denied, spending it just the same and coming in a year later with deficiencies which practically could not be repudiated. One Committee on Appropriations after another has wrestled with the difficulty. One plan after another has been tried with small success. Last year Mr. Tawney drafted a new proviso. Heads of departments were required to apportion in advance the money allowed them. This allotment could not be changed except for some exceptional and unexpected happening. The Tawney amendment required the department head in writing to submit his reasons to Congress before authorizing any such change. The result is that, while there are large deficiency items for Cuban intervention, pensions, and the postal service, "coercive deficiencies" incurred in the departments are this year only two and one-half millions, as against thirty-three millions for the year before. Congress seems to have won its fight in essentials, even without fulfilling its threat of lopping off some bureaus entirely. In this assertion of Congressional power lies the best answer to those who think they see this country on the straight road to a despotism.

THE LONDON ELECTION

So great a political overturn as that wrought by the elections to the London County Council on Saturday, was not expected even by those who ardently desired it. That the Progressives, with their policies of municipal trading, would meet with a check, was pretty confidently counted upon; but no one foresaw that they would be so nearly crushed and, even with the aid of their hold-over members, would lose control of the Council. In the last Council they had 83 members to 34 of the Moderates. Now the figures are practically reversed. The Moderates, or Reformers (they have various names), have elected 79 members, while the Progressives save only 36. This result is one of capital and far-reaching importance. It affects not merely the administration of London, but will have serious political consequences throughout the kingdom. Indeed, it will have its influence throughout the English-speaking world.

The Liberals had tied up their fortunes with the London Progressives. Hence the great defeat will be taken as a solemn warning to the party in power. The Conservative press is already saying that, if there were now to be a general election, the Liberals would lose all the seats which they so unexpectedly gained in London last year. Doubtless there is truth in the prediction. The Government will be more on its guard hereafter. Radical legislation will not be so much in favor, for a time at least. The talk of moving vigorously against the House of Lords will probably die down. No prudent Ministry could ignore the ominous significance of so marked a revolt of the electors as that just effected in London.

Through all the issues of the election there ran one dominant charge—municipal Socialism, as practised in London, was proving terribly expensive. There were minor allegations: Inefficiency and waste were charged, and in some cases proved. Several freak experiments, with their ludicrous failures, brought the Progressives into discredit. They tried to make bricks municipally, and turned out an unusable product. Their Works Department became a synonym for faulty and costly engineering, and unduly expensive construction. Then, too, they ran into absurd extremes. Some of them put out a programme which included "municipal workshops, stores, milk and bread shops, dairy farms; free travelling for workmen to and from work, municipal coal stores and collieries; municipal farm colonies and municipal clothing factories." One bold man stood on a platform calling for municipal billiard-rooms. Such extravagant proposals, as even the *Chronicle*, a Progressive organ, admits, "did immense harm to the Progressive cause." But above and beyond all such questions of theoretic policy stood the practical fact that the financial burden of all this municipal experimenting was becoming greater than the backs of the taxpayers could bear.

A good concrete example was offered by the Council's fleet of steamboats on the Thames. They have proved nearly a dead loss. This was in spite of glowing prophecies to the contrary. No less an authority than Sir E. Cornwall, in his report on the project to the Council, stated that the steamboats would bring in a revenue of $450,000 a year. For the first nine months they lost $256,000, and the estimated deficit for 1906-7 is $260,000 more—all this on a capital outlay of $1,500,000. It was not strange that debts and taxes mounted. The French economist, Leroy Beaulieu, has commented on the extraordinary increase of local indebtedness in England. London's debt has climbed up portentously; and with it the rates have gone soaring. A table worked out by the borough treasurer of Islington, and printed in R. P. Porter's recent book on "The Dangers of Municipal Ownership," shows a startling rate of taxation. It runs, in the various boroughs, from 30 to 60 per cent. of the rental value.

This was undoubtedly the aspect of the matter which had most to do with causing the Progressive upset. John Bull's pocket-nerve was at last reached. All the Socialistic theories he did not bother his head about; but when he found that their execution was turning out fearfully extravagant and burdensome, he said angrily: "This has gone too far!" Now that, be it remembered, is the Anglo-Saxon way. We are naturally weak on logic, and hate with Burke to see it carried into politics. The French fashion of laying down abstract principles and then rigorously deducing and applying every political inference from them, is not for us. We go by rule of thumb. We try one experiment here, and another there, approving the one that succeeds, scouting the one that fails, and never admitting the necessity of connecting them all by one logical system, rigidly enforced. It is because London Socialism had become too doctrinaire for English stomachs that it was rejected on Saturday. But this does not mean that a doctrinaire individualism will be set up in its stead. Englishmen and Americans will go on much as before in all this business, not accepting a general "policy," coherent and logical, but simply, in the old inherited way of our politics, proving all things and holding fast that which is good.

THE THREATENED ANGLO-SAXON.

The Registrar-General's report on births, deaths, and marriages in England and Wales for the year 1905 has just appeared. It will disturb those Greater Englishmen who find this kind of reading a subject for thought—and alarm. The marriage and birth rates are continuing to fall, and whatever the amount of improvement on the other side of the ledger—the rate of mortality has been reduced to an unprecedentedly low level—it cannot make up for the slackening tide of reproduction, if Great Britain is to continue populating her colonies with younger sons and to hold her own against prolific Germany. The latest figures, duly corrected, show that during the last thirty-five years the decline in the marriage rate "is found to be nearly 22 per cent.," the manufacturing centres showing the greatest decline, the residential and agricultural counties the least. The general rate for the year was 15.3 persons married per 1,000 of the population of all ages.

The births for the same year "were in the proportion of 27.2 per 1,000 of the population of both sexes and all ages, and not only constitute the lowest

birth-rate since civil registration was established, but also indicate the continuance of a decline which, with trifling exceptions, has been in progress ever since 1876." How rapidly the country has been deteriorating in this respect is indicated by the fact that in 1880-82 it was seventh from the end among the European nations in female fertility, and that twenty years later it had come to be only second from the end, losing last place only to France. If the ratio of births to the number of married women "had been identical in 1870-72 and in 1905, the legitimate births in the last-named year would have been nearly 1,169,000 instead of the 891,978 actually recorded."

In this connection it is interesting to turn to a recent study of racial growth and dispersion by René Gonnard of the faculty of law at the University of Lyons, published under the title "L'Émigration européenne au XIXe Siècle." In the chapters dealing with British emigration and with the future of "the Anglo-Saxon races," we find a straightforward thesis advanced and ably argued. Great Britain during the greater part of the nineteenth century was practically the only Power with a surplus population and colonies into which to drain it off. There arose in consequence lesser Britains beyond the seas, with a population predominantly Anglo-Saxon, including, under these lesser Britains, the United States. But the situation has changed; Great Britain's teeming growth is declining, while other European nations, Scandinavia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia, have been pouring a veritable flood of emigration into the United States and Canada, and would turn to Australia and New Zealand if admission to Britain's southern hemisphere were not so jealously guarded.

The conclusion of Professor Gonnard is that, with all due allowance for the admirable part played by the Anglo-Saxons in the colonization of such parts of the world as are destined to remain under the permanent domination of the "whites," and conceding to the aforesaid Anglo-Saxons a "brilliant and lasting future," there is danger of exaggerating the measure of the work they have accomplished or of the sovereign rôle destiny holds in reserve for them:

> Great difficulties lie in the way of realizing the dreams of British hotheads, nurtured by Rudyard Kipling's books and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches. Not all portions of the globe where now floats the Union Jack are fated to remain the patrimony of England and of her sons—at least in the racial sense. And among the reasons upon which we base our belief are two incontestable facts—the decline in Anglo-Saxon reproductivity all over the world, and the increased participation of other nations in the movement of European emigration.

We may leave out of the question these United States, seeing that the writer has conceded us a long and brilliant future as Anglo-Saxons, and has been careful enough to distinguish between predominance in numbers, where his case is naturally strongest, and predominance in the way of political and social influence. By implication he recognizes that Magna Charta and the language of Shakespeare are safe for years to come against any number of immigrants from the east and south of Europe, and that so far as these late arrivals are concerned, they threaten no immediate dilution of the Teutonic blood. And as for the more distant future, the chances are that the newcomer will turn out more royalist than the king. Have we not been told by no less a pragmatic historian than Mr. Dooley of an Anglo-Saxon Hands Across the Sea Association, organized by Schwarzmeister, Kelly, and Rosenblum?

But with regard to the newer Britains in South Africa and Oceania, the writer undoubtedly sees the future clearly. In South Africa, the English must share their power with the Dutch, not only in the older colonies, but in the Transvaal, where the recent elections have shown that Anglo-Saxon dominance is not to be thought of. English colonists are reluctant to settle in the territory of the late Boer republics, years of effort and the expenditure of vast sums having resulted in the planting only of 1,500 English families. In Australia a thin red line of settlers holds a continent jealously against all comers; and the situation is even more striking in New Zealand, where less than 800,000 people occupy a country capable of supporting, the writer cleverly remarks, dozens of millions of Japanese. If the yellow races should begin to press hard, would not the handful of proud Anglo-Saxons be glad to have on their own side some additional millions of non-British Europeans? In fact, there are not wanting signs that Australia is beginning to see the problem in that light.

TEMPORARY LITERATURE.

In *Scribner's Magazine*, Prof. Brander Matthews discourses on the differences between imagination and invention in literature. The subject in itself is not absolutely novel, and most of his distinctions have been drawn before; but it is refreshing to be reminded now and then that the law thundered from our magazine and newspaper Sinais, "Thou shalt be original; thou shalt look only for beats and scoops; thou shalt hit 'em hard," is, after all, but a partial and temporary revelation. The great masters, as Professor Matthews reminds us, never gave themselves to hunting up strange forms, dialects, or situations in order to create a desired effect. Fully equipped with the quality of imagination, they could animate old forms and adapt to their uses the ordinary grammatical constructions. They had so much to say that was permanent and essential that they could afford to dispense with originality.

It is, of course, the element of imagination that vivifies the comparatively small stock of the world's books which come to constitute the permanent furniture of a man's library, the pure domestic circle to which he returns inevitably, no matter after how long a period of indulgence in less worthy things. Homer and Horace, Shakespeare and Montaigne, the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress—we rarely think of them as "original," as endowed with the attractive and extremely marketable quality of invention. For that we look elsewhere. But though that elsewhere may come to embrace nine-tenths of our total book list, it never threatens the security of the chosen few. These, like the gods, can abide in patience for our human moment of crisis, of mental exaltation. Then with Olympian assurance they come into their own again. With the results of man's daily actions and the faces of his offspring, they constitute the links that bind him to his past, that give him what psychologists nowadays declare to be the only basis of the personal soul—continuity.

The Bible and Bunyan, with Shakespeare probably, are still to be found in most simple rural homes. But what shall be said of the ordinary urban reader's stock of permanent, imaginative literature? Monumental sets of Balzac, of Dickens, and of Thackeray are sold in enormous quantities, but the array of volumes is so formidable, and the red and gilt binding so very good, that they are seldom taken out of their glass-enshrined, adjustable book-sections. A Balzac, a Library of the World's Nicest Literature, and a set of Lives of Great Men and Their Unhappy Wives take up as much room in a parlor as a mechanical piano at one-fifth the cost. The average New Yorker would no more think of using one of his gorgeous volumes than a bibliophile would one of his. For reading, of course, there are the newspaper, and the popular magazine.

There invention runs riot. But profound melancholy must be aroused by the sight of so many hundreds of thousands of us given over to pages which follow each other slap-dash day after day, leaving no impress and no memory behind them. Ask one of these readers what was it he had read a week ago, a month ago, a year ago, in his Sunday Supplement, and he cannot tell you. It may have been a double-page account of a "scientific" case of resurrection, or a printed rivulet of Congo atrocities with a pyramid of skulls on one side and royalty patronizing the stage behind the scenes on the other; but he cannot tell

with any certainty. And thus with his art; years ago it was the Yellow Kid; then came the French Twins of Etiquette; then it was the Felicitous Vagrant. They came with a rush, they lingered, they disappeared. Where are the jokes of yesterday? The *Latest* has thrown them all away and put up a brand-new set, yet none of its readers can say, "I am depressed to-night; I will look at the page that made me laugh so, a year ago." There is no year ago; there is no past. There is mist only.

Even the language changes—language which we have been accustomed to think of as being best preserved in the speech of the humbler classes. The expert on slang of to-day will not necessarily understand the slang of last year. Last year's "main guy" is now "the big noise." The man who formerly "shot off his mouth," later began to "talk through his hat," and at present usually "hires a hall." Fickle woman, who once gave unfortunate man "the cold mitt" or "the marble heart," now "hands him a lemon." Thus the old order changeth, and ten years from now a copy of the Comic Supplement will contain as many unfathomable allusions as a comedy of Aristophanes.

One source of consolation, however, is undeniably present. Beneath this mad rush of invention, we can discern, if we look, the persistence of certain universal principles and ideas. The individual of the Comic Supplement is transient, but the type is eternal. Mr. Opper's weazened Common People and giant Trusts are but a replica of the mediæval Dances of Death, with man as the victim of his own vices. The boastful ape whose end is always discomfiture, is an embodiment of Pride going before Destruction. The two clerks, striving to enter society on $9.50 a week, personify the tragedy of Ambition. There is an authentic story of the little girl who was moved to tears by the martyrdom of St. Stephen. "Why, mamma," she half sobbed, "he must have been like Happy Hooligan."

STEADY COMPANY.

It is strange that the institution known as "steady company" should never have been adopted by our fashionable society. One may either keep or be steady company; the term denotes both a process and a person. The adjective "steady" is not opposed to unsteady or dissipated; it means permanent as distinguished from transitory and fickle. Steady company may be of either sex, but is usually masculine, being predicated of the young man who is the chosen friend of a young woman, though not necessarily engaged to marry her. In the eastern districts of our borough, parents approve of steady company. The girl goes with him to church, the play, concerts, dances, Coney Island, ward picnics, and Sunday-school festivals—*sibi conscia recti*—and without a chaperon. If he is supplanted by some one even steadier than himself, he accepts the inevitable, and forever after holds his peace.

Hitherto little countenance has been given to steady company by the plutocratic and austere society which sets the example and the pace of fashion. But convention rather than any deep-seated moral principle has stood in the way. For the line which divides what is allowed and what is forbidden cannot be easily drawn. In the fashionable world, for a girl to be gone all day with a man in an automobile is allowed; to eat with him at a wayside inn is forbidden. To be driven by him in a stanhope, dog-cart, or other two-wheeled vehicle is allowed; to sit beside him and be driven by a coachman is forbidden. To write freely to him and be written to is allowed; to walk with him in the street after the lamps are lighted is forbidden. He may go with her to church or to a lecture hall without a chaperon, but not to the play.

Steadiness is not characteristic of the more fashionable "company." And this may explain why mothers lament the scarcity of marriageable young men. If they are obliged to work, they have little opportunity of knowing any young woman well. This evil state of things is especially noticeable at the season of the year when the débutante is abroad in the land. We hear that she is better educated than the average young man of her age, but under the social conditions which prevail at present, as soon as she is "brought out" she begins inevitably an intellectual *dégringolade*. For the men whom she meets at dinners and dances would not understand her or would laugh at her if she allowed traces of superior intelligence to be seen. They would prefer to talk about themselves and their own doings, and have in her a sympathetic listener. Indeed, a dinner or a ball is not favorable to forming permanent friendships, nor do such entertainments encourage matrimony. Calls may be made at tea-time, but busy men are at their work at five o'clock, and even if they were not, they might not find the young women alone. In days when men put on swallowtail coats and made their visits in the evening, greater intimacy was possible, and the young people knew one another better. Even now in certain provincial regions this custom prevails. In vain do the young men of the metropolis increase the frequency of their afternoon visits; in vain is their zeal to wander forth on Sundays, in unaccustomed garb, to snatch if possible a happy moment in the street or by the fireside. Each of them, if he but knew it, has a deeply implanted desire to be steady company. A blind instinct impels him *tot adire labores*.

If the social pacemakers would only do something to encourage steady company, good effects would undoubtedly follow. For example, the chaperon would have a much needed rest. By this time she must be weary of being tolerated, of talking to the odd man, and of watching scenes in which she has no active part. Steady company, instead of having to look up a chaperon and invite a lot of people whom he does not care to see, can dine *tête-à-tête* at a restaurant, and thereby save both time and money. In such ways young people get really to know one another; and if the custom were only universal, clubs would be left to the old and to the misogynists, while places of amusement would be even more freely patronized than they are now. Yet our "upper circles," with their highly developed sense of morality and propriety, will no doubt refuse to consider the reforms which we have suggested, and steady company will be left as the solace and joy of what is known as the "lower middle class."

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

Wendell Phillips Garrison, who for forty-one years was editor of the *Nation*, died at Dr. Runyon's sanitarium, South Orange, N. J., on the evening of February 27, after several months of declining health. Mr. Garrison, third son of William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist, was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., June 4, 1840; he passed an eventful boyhood in the paternal home, which was drawn into the agitation of the anti-slavery struggle and the events leading up to the Civil War. Entering Harvard in 1857, Mr. Garrison was graduated in 1861. After two years of private teaching, he joined the staff of the New York *Independent* in January, 1864; and in July, 1865, he became associated with Edwin Lawrence Godkin in founding the *Nation*. Mr. Garrison's work was chiefly on the literary side of the new weekly, Mr. Godkin devoting himself more and more to editorial writing. It thus fell to Mr. Garrison to draw together the staff of reviewers and contributors. With many of these his relations became those of warm personal friendship. This fact was clearly evidenced on July 6, 1905, when more than two hundred of the *Nation's* contributors presented him with a silver vase, inscribed by Prof. Goldwin Smith as a recognition of "forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*." The accompanying congratulatory note assured Mr. Garrison that he had made "the *Nation* for more than a generation the chief literary journal in America—the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals." During that long period there were very few issues of the *Nation* which he did not personally make up and see through the press, reading all the proofs, preparing the full and elaborate index to each volume, and doing a vast amount of editorial labor. He also reviewed many books, particularly those relating to slavery and to the lives and works of Jean

Jacques Rousseau and Erasmus. A review from his pen of the latest book on Rousseau appeared in the *Nation* of December 27, 1906, and one on the letters of Erasmus in the issue of January 24.

For the first sixteen years, the *Nation* was an independent property. In 1881 it was combined with the New York *Evening Post* by the late Henry Villard, Mr. Garrison's brother-in-law. Mr. Godkin became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, and within two years editor-in-chief. Under the new arrangement, Mr. Garrison became literary editor of the *Evening Post* and editor-in-charge of the *Nation*. This position he held until his retirement on June 28, 1906, because of the rapid failure of his health.

Mr. Garrison's editorial duties confined him so closely to his office—he took only one real vacation in twenty-two years—that he had little leisure for other literary work. But in the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," an elaborate four-volume biography, in which he and his brother, Francis Jackson Garrison, collaborated, he has left a record of his father's activity in behalf of the emancipation of the slave and many other reforms, which must remain a standard authority on the Abolition movement. To this task Mr. Garrison devoted his spare hours during ten years, setting apart at least one day each week for research and writing, and producing a work that is notable for its wealth of citations, its exact references, its fairness and candor, and the literary skill with which history and biography are combined. The first two volumes appeared in 1885, and the others in 1889. Previous to this undertaking, Mr. Garrison published "What Mr. Darwin Saw on His Voyage Around the World," 1879, containing extracts from Mr. Darwin's own story, intended for youthful readers. He compiled a collection of "Bedside Poetry," 1887, for the instruction of children; wrote "Parables for School and Home," 1897, and "The New Gulliver," 1898; published some of his own verse privately under the title "Sonnets and Lyrics of the Ever-Womanly," 1898; and edited the "Memoirs of Henry Villard," 1904. As an appreciation of his services to literature and politics, Harvard University bestowed upon Mr. Garrison the honorary degree of A.M. in 1895.

Mr. Garrison had lived since 1866 at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J. He served for more than seventeen years on the School Board of West Orange, and was for years a member of the board of directors of the State Geological Survey of New Jersey. He was twice married, first to Lucy McKim of Philadelphia, daughter of J. Miller McKim, one of the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and sister of Charles F. McKim, the architect. His second wife was Mrs. Anne McKim Dennis, who died in 1893. He is survived by a son and daughter, Philip McKim Garrison of Orange, N. J., and Mrs. Charles Dyer Norton of Lake Forest, Ill. Another son, Lloyd McKim Garrison, died in 1900.

Self-effacement was so the law of Mr. Garrison's being that, even now when his lips can no longer frame a protest, one hesitates to essay his praise. It was his life-long joy to sink himself in his work. For forty-one years editor of the *Nation*, he seldom put his name to anything he wrote in its columns. If he had been an artist, it would have been his preference to leave all his paintings unsigned. To the discerning, however, his true monument is visible in those eighty-two volumes of the *Nation* which passed under his vigilant eye and amending pen, and into which he poured, in all of Milton's meaning, the precious life-blood of a master-spirit.

Uneventful outwardly, Mr. Garrison's life was yet singularly intense. It was intense in an austere idealism, ever conscious of the obligation of his name; intense in devotion to the labor which was his delight; intense in the discharge of every duty as a citizen and in the unwavering fidelity and unselfish services of friendship. His close association for thirty-seven years with Mr. Godkin was one of the most remarkable editorial relations that ever existed. With unbounded admiration and loyalty for his chief, Mr. Garrison brought to his assistance a nice scholarship, a patient scrutiny, a calm judgment, and a noble sympathy. When Mr. Garrison received, in 1905, the impressive tribute from his eminent list of contributors to the *Nation*, in celebration of his forty years with this journal, his first instinct was to pass on the laurel to Mr. Godkin. He spoke of himself as but a pupil of that "great writer and master political moralist, whom with admiring eyes I saw

Mount in his glorious course on competent wing."

Nor was Mr. Godkin unaware of the rare qualities of his colleague. Writing to Mr. Garrison in 1883, he said: "If anything goes wrong with you, I will retire into a monastery. You are the one steady and constant man I have ever had to do with." And he set great store by Mr. Garrison's disciplined opinions on public affairs. Thus he wrote to him in 1891:

> Your article makes me regret for the hundredth time that you have not been able all these years to write more. I know no better political philosopher. I can safely say that, in twenty-five years of perils by land and sea, there is nobody from whose advice and arguments I have got so much comfort and courage.

Yet Mr. Garrison's invincible modesty would not suffer such acknowledgments to go without abatement. "On cool reflection," he once wrote, "I am conscious how slight Mr. Godkin's debt to me is in comparison with mine to him. . . . Oftener than not, in doubtful cases when appeal has been made to my judgment, I have simply confirmed his first impulse or his phraseology. Perhaps my sympathy and support, understood rather than expressed, have been more to him than I suspected."

Between Mr. Garrison and the large corps of *Nation* reviewers and writers which he built up there existed a peculiar, almost a family, feeling. He watched over them with an interest and pride wellnigh of kinship. The relation was, to him, less editorial than fraternal. There must be thousands of his letters, written out in that beautiful hand of his, and with his marvellous felicity and justness of expression, still in the possession of his contributors as a witness to his high conception of the tie that bound him to them. No one could surpass him in discriminating encouragement. Even in his later years he kept a young heart and a keen eye for rising writers. He thought of his band of workers as one continually to be renewed by the influx of youth; and if youth brought, at first, immaturity and awkwardness, none so patient and tactful as Mr. Garrison in bearing with it and correcting it. Critical severity he could convey with the most exquisite delicacy—wreathing it in the garlands of friendship.

To be, rather than to produce, was always the first motive with Mr. Garrison. To him life was more than books. And how high he pitched his life, every man who was ever long in touch with his grave courtesy, his unfailing kindness, his unbending integrity, and his lofty ideals, would enthusiastically testify. To be in contact with him even in a newspaper office was to have one's admiration for him kindled and continually heightened; while those admitted to the intimacies of his friendship cannot find words to do justice to his faithfulness and self-sacrificing ardor in bestowing a favor or anticipating a need.

Mr. Garrison impressed all who knew him as a man of the well-fibred virtues of an elder day. He nourished himself on inward and hidden strength. One felt that his soul dwelt apart, yet one saw him cheerfully laying the lowliest duties upon himself. In the total combination of nearly ascetic sternness with himself and infinite consideration for others, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

One of the two surviving signers of the first prospectus of the *Nation* is President Gilman, who writes as follows:

> For more than forty years we were correspondents, and through his letters, as well as through the *Nation*, I came to know him well, although, as it happened, we met one another very seldom—not more than three or four times, I should think, in that long period.
>
> I formed a very high estimate not only of his intellectual character and his business habits, but of his moral qualities. He was considerate, true, fearless, and enamoured of justice (though I am not sure that he always saw both sides of a question). In a long series of his letters on innumerable topics there is but one note, rarely, if ever, expressed, but always implied, and that is the desire to have the *Nation* stand every week as the supporter of the best in literature as in politics. Toward the end of his editorial career, unwonted sadness is manifest. "My resolution [to retire]," he says in March, 1906, "was determined by my conviction that a long vacation this summer was imperatively necessary to my health. I shall remain at the helm until the close of the current volume. Then to fresh woods and pastures new. I shall take a year if need be to decide upon my future occupation."
>
> I feel sure that his resolution in upholding the best standards of literary criticism, even to the extent of giving personal tribulation to friends that he valued, made him as great a power in the field of letters as Mr. Godkin in the field of politics; and I am likewise certain that his wide acquaintance with the various departments of scholarship, his efficient and long continued services in the editorial chair, his learning, his honesty, his sympathy, and his persistence entitle him to, and will undoubtedly secure for him, the lasting and hearty ap-

preciation of all among his countrymen who watch the progress of literature and science.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

Baltimore.

THE LONGFELLOW CELEBRATION AT CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., February 28.

The celebration of Longfellow's centenary culminated in the meeting held last evening in Sanders Theatre under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society, which planned to have as speakers only those who had known the poet personally. Since Longfellow died at seventy-five, and since many of his younger contemporaries are still living, this could be happily carried out. Col. Higginson and Professor Norton had known the poet since their boyhood, a period of more than forty years; President Eliot was a student when Longfellow still taught at Harvard; and Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich, of all the younger generation of American men of letters, had been most intimate with him. The cooperation of these friends gave to the commemoration a most fitting personal quality; for of all our poets, Longfellow is the friendliest. In him the man and the artist are so merged, and both so lovable, that any one who has drawn near to him recognizes that no remembrance of him could be adequate which lacked the human, the deeply human note.

The exercises in Sanders Theatre, like every similar observance in this neighborhood of Longfellow's birthday, were remarkable for the absence of the superlative. Nobody put forth extravagant claims for Longfellow's genius; every one seemed to be prompted by the recognition of the fact that simply to state what he was and did was better than any eulogy. Adulation is, indeed, as out of place in connection with Longfellow, as it seems inevitable wherever two or three of the admirers of various other poets are gathered together. So we heard no predictions that Longfellow would be read as long as the English language is spoken, and no demonstration that he is greater than Shakespeare. The men who brought their tributes of admiration and affection knew well the value of the sweet and beautiful things of life, and they felt under no obligation either to defend the Ten Commandments or to brag about them. They took it for granted that that particular audience did not need to be persuaded that love of home, family affection, delight in the presence of little children, courage to face the average human lot, unswerving friendship, loyal citizenship, and the striving after ideals are desirable.

Sanders Theatre was packed by more than two thousand persons. On the stage, besides the speakers, the officers of the Cambridge Historical Society, and local celebrities, sat many guests, including Gov. Guild and several well-known authors, among whom were Miss Jewett, Mr. Cable, and Mr. Owen Wister. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, only twelve years Longfellow's junior, whose presence like that of a fairy godmother seems to bring perpetual youth with it, was greeted on her entrance by the spontaneous rising of the great company. Professor Norton presided with such grace and urbanity that the stage might have been his library and the audience his guests to whom he was presenting a cherished friend. That two of Longfellow's daughters and several of his grandchildren and other kindred were in the audience, added to the interest of the occasion.

Mr. Norton spoke briefly, pointing out the inestimable worth to a community of "the habitual presence in it of a good and pleasant man or woman," a blessing multiplied an hundredfold if to the rare character be added the poet's genius. Then in happy phrase he introduced Col. T. W. Higginson, who opened with this lively analysis of "a man who had, among all American authors of his time, the most individual and disarming combination of qualities":

> He was at once genial and guarded, kind and cordial in greeting, but with an impassable boundary line of reserve; dwelling in a charmed circle of thought, yet absolutely self-protecting; essentially a poetic mind, but never out of touch with the common heart; yet not so much a creator as a composer, and viewing his themes, as a very acute observer has said of him, in their relations, rather than in their essence. He was one to whom a poem might occur, as did the "Arrow and the Song," while he stood before the fire waiting for his children to go to church with him; and he was equally able to spend patient years in hearing and weighing "slowly and with decorum," as he says, the criticism of other and younger Italian scholars on his version of Dante. He was abstemious, yet wrote joyous drinking songs for his friends; did not call himself an Abolitionist, yet pronounced the day of the execution of John Brown of Ossawatomie to be "the date of a new revolution, quite as much needed as the old one." When worn with overwork, he could sit down to write 100 autographs for a fair in Chattanooga; or, perhaps, go out and walk miles to secure kindness for some old friend troubled with chronic and insuperable need of money. He was choice in his invited guests, yet drove his housemaids to despair by insisting on the admittance of the poorest children in Cambridge to tramp through his study daily or to sit triumphantly in the chair which their little subscriptions had bought for him. This was the man whom we meet to commemorate; this was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Col. Higginson told also how one day, when he was an undergraduate at Harvard, reciting Molière to Professor Longfellow, there came a knock at the door, and presently there entered a printer's devil with a roll of proofs, the title-page of which bore the words "The Voices of the Night." "Had I but known what was to follow that bit of paper in the development of fame, or, what was more important, the creation of a literature, the rough rappings of the printer's boy would have been to me as solemn as those three momentous notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which he himself interpreted to mean, 'Thus knocks Fate at the door!'" The fame there budding and since become world-wide need fear, Col. Higginson added, no serious reaction. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" and "The Village Blacksmith" are lodged forever in the memories of each generation of English-speaking children. "Who is alive, if these are not!" as Macready exclaimed of Shakespeare's characters.

After the Cambridge school children had rendered, by chorus and orchestra, C. F. Noyes's cantata, "The Village Blacksmith," Mr. Norton called upon President Eliot, who appropriately spoke of Longfellow's eighteen years of service as professor of belles lettres at Harvard. That service consisted not merely of the direct instruction he gave his classes, but of the poetic radiance he shed upon the college, and of his influence in the faculty, where he upheld the freedom of the teacher and the freedom of the taught. And during the years of reaction in national affairs, when freedom was distrusted and many Northerners would have compromised with slavery, Longfellow stood steadfastly for liberty and justice. President Eliot recalled how, on that very stage, he had congratulated Longfellow on the durability of his work, and the poet replied, "I don't know! I don't know!" "I have often remembered the touching modesty of that 'I don't know,'" said the president, who went on to describe with enthusiasm the shining benefits which Longfellow by his poetry conferred on Harvard and Cambridge, consecrating the town "with delights for generations to come," and making it a place of pilgrimage for the multitudes who love the poet and the haunts he loved. There is no other service comparable to the writing of noble poetry, "except at rarest moments, when some inspired soul pours itself out in prayer to the living God!" Nothing in the exercises was more impressive than President Eliot's brief address, in which appeared the deep religious fervor of his nature—that characteristic to which in these later years he has given freer and ampler utterance.

Owing to illness, both of the "young men," as Mr. Norton called Howells and Aldrich, were prevented from coming to Cambridge; but Mr. Charles T. Copeland read with fine effect Mr. Aldrich's poem which appears in the March *Atlantic Monthly*. It is so short that it can be quoted here entire, and thus the reader can taste its quality for himself:

LONGFELLOW, 1807-1907.

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write;
Moonrise and daybreak come and go;
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmèd listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Belovèd presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearts of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms—O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

Mr. Norton was equally fortunate in securing Prof. Bliss Perry as a substitute to read the essay which Mr. Howells had prepared—an essay in which biography, reminiscence, and criticism were blended with equal skill and charm. No living American approaches Mr. Howells in this vein, and, so far as one may judge from a single hearing, he himself has never excelled this tribute to Longfellow, in which, after describing his own lost youth, with its first days in Cambridge and the Olympian evenings spent in Longfellow's study, listening to the translation of the "Divine Comedy," he

proceeded to appraise Longfellow's poetry. He laid special stress on the artistic perfection of the poems and on the poet's ethical strain, akin to that of Dante, Milton, and Wordsworth, "and as authentic."

Mr. Norton brought the exercises to a close by relating that several years ago, when he and Rudyard Kipling were discussing the poets of the nineteenth century, they debated whether all had not written too much. "We could spare half of Wordsworth, and three-quarters of Shelley, and even Keats could be trimmed to the advantage of his fame," Mr. Norton suggested. "But there is one poet," replied Mr. Kipling, "of whom I don't wish to give up a line." "I can't guess who he may be," Mr. Norton said. "Longfellow," Mr. Kipling replied. One would like to have the psychologists determine whether the affinity of opposites explains this preference.

"And now I bid you good-night," Mr. Norton said, and the great audience dispersed. The celebration was pitched throughout in the proper key; no jarring word was spoken, and—save for the absence of Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich—nothing marred the complete success of the programme. The commemoration itself seemed to have more than a personal scope. In listening to these speakers, it seemed as if all were unconsciously paying tribute through Longfellow to the ideals which he sang and exemplified, and that the audience were joining in a ceremony of reaffirmation. At a time when public and private morals are corrupt, and wealth is popularly believed to be able to purchase everybody and everything—even immunity from punishment—those eminent and wise speakers and the audience which applauded them reaffirmed their faith in what is wholesome and true, in character which is beyond price, in joys and satisfactions which money cannot buy, in ideals which never deceive. Happy, thrice happy Longfellow, whose genius and personality are as naturally associated with these eternal concerns as sunrise is with hope.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A little book which is a veritable curiosity in American typography has recently come to light. It is without question one of the crudest specimens of printing which has ever been produced, and is probably unique in the history of bookmaking. It is a pamphlet, consisting of title-leaf (verso blank), and nineteen pages of text and a page of errata. The title reads as follows:

> The | Taxation | Of North America; | An exceilent Song, | composed in the | Revolutionary | War. | 'No more against our land, shall | strangers rise.'—Dwight. | First Edition. | Wells, Ver. | Printed by O. A. Bowe. | 1824. |

It is stitched in a cover made from part of the *Missionary Register* for November 5, 1823. On the cover is written in an old hand, "Taxation Song—printed in March & April A. D. 1824." The story that comes with the book is that "it was printed by a farmer, between seasons, from wooden type cut by himself, for the purpose of preserving the text of the song," and that two copies only were printed. The appearance of the book seems to bear out this statement. Each page consists of two stanzas, eight lines each. The extreme unevenness of the letters in almost every line indicates separate types, while the lack of uniformity in the shape of the same letter shows that the letters were not cast or stamped from dies. Practical printers to whom the book has been shown agree that it was printed from separate engraved types, either of wood or some soft metal, perhaps lead or an alloy. Part of the text of the poem, with a slightly different title, is found in the "Illustrated Ballad History of the American Revolution," New York, 1876; "American Taxation. By Peter St. John of Norwalk, Conn." As there printed the text includes only twenty-four stanzas of eight lines each, instead of thirty-seven, as in this edition. What is evidently another edition of the same poem, or part of it, is entered in Gilman's "Bibliography of Vermont," as follows: "American Taxation. A Song of the Revolution. 1776. W. W. Curtiss, printer, Bradford, Vt. 12mo. 4 pp. n. d."

On March 11 and 12 the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection of engravings, including American prints belonging to Edward R. Warren of Boston. The most valuable items are unusually good specimens with wide margins of that extremely scarce pair of uncouth portraits of Washington and Mrs. Washington, engraved by J. Norman.

In a letter to the London *Athenæum*, of February 23, W. Roberts gives evidence to show that the text of the two little books, "King Glumpus" (1837) and "The Exquisites" (1839), was not by Thackeray, as has been commonly held, but by the late John Barrow, F.R.S., F.S.A. Mr. Roberts's authority for this statement is Mrs. Ellicott, the widow of the Bishop of Gloucester. She is a relative of Thackeray, and her father was an intimate friend of Barrow. She says that Barrow's authorship was a well-known secret to her father and herself. Thackeray was merely the illustrator of the books. Both volumes were unknown till in 1898 Bertram Dobell discovered a copy of each. A copy of "The Exquisites" sold at Sotheby's auction December 17, 1898, for £58; and another copy, with the lithographic plates colored for £85 at Hodgson's March 9, 1904. "King Glumpus" brought £101 at Hodgson's in August 1, 1906. A choice copy of each will be offered at Sotheby's in March 16.

Several important items appear in the catalogue of a small collection, including the library of the late William Roots, to be sold in London by Hodgson & Co. on March 20. Not the least of these is the original drawing by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) for one of the famous plates, the "Trial Scene," of "The Pickwick Papers." Browne's first drawing to illustrate this scene did not meet with Dickens's approval, and the artist made a second effort. It is the original of this later illustration, the one adopted by Dickens, which is to be offered for sale. Thackeray collectors will be interested in a little sketch book used by John Grant Brine, a close friend of Thackeray in the early days, 1835-1836, in Paris. It contains six pencil sketches by Thackeray. The printer's copy of Thackeray's Essay on George II. in "The Four Georges," 47 leaves, is in the hand of a copyist, but has autograph corrections or emendations on almost every page. A series of manuscripts, being replies, made about 1770, by the governors of several American colonies to a number of questions, although contemporary transcripts, are valuable. The Virginia manuscript is 40 pages, that of South Carolina 50, Massachusetts and Maryland each 15, Georgia 29, and Connecticut 13. Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1598-1600, Linschoten's "Voyages," in English, 1598, and a set of "Purchas his Pilgrimes" are among the printed Americana offered.

The stories of the old book-collectors who, browsing around the penny boxes of the book stalls, found first editions worth many pounds are read nowadays with incredulity, and as occurrences of a happy though long past age. Yet the finds of Dibdin, Collier, Hazlitt, and George Brinley have been surpassed within the past few months. Last summer an American looking over the rubbish in a book-barrow on one of the quays of Paris picked up for twenty centimes a little book of forty leaves with the title "Des Sauvages, ou, Voyage de Samuel Champlain, de Brovage, fait en la France nouvelle, l'an mil six cens trois." The American had the volume bound in brown morocco by Zachnsdorf of London; and last week Tuesday it brought $2,900 at the auction of the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city. As we have already pointed out, this is Champlain's first book, and this copy is the undated issue of which only four or five copies in all are known. Robert Hoe's, formerly Charles H. Kalbfleisch's, seems to be the only other one in private hands. Mr. Hoe also owns the equally rare issue with the title dated 1604.

In 1866, as an evidence of her appreciation of his munificence in giving $2,500,000 for building lodgings for the poor of London, Queen Victoria wished to make George Peabody a baronet. He refused the honor, but expressed a wish to receive an autograph letter from the Queen. Such a letter she wrote, six pages, 12mo, on paper having a wide mourning border. Peabody apparently had prepared an accurate lithograph facsimile for presentation to friends. This facsimile, which is an admirable reproduction, well capable of deceiving experts, is not infrequently offered as a genuine letter. In the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company's catalogue of March 1 one of these facsimiles was described as genuine, but the true character of the document was discovered before the sale. The document sold for $2; the original would have brought several hundred. The original letter was deposited by Mr. Peabody in the Peabody Institute Library, founded by him at his birthplace, Danvers (now Peabody), Mass.; and the librarian, Lyman P. Osborn, writes, under date of February 25, that it is still there.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London sold on February 20 the library of R. Kirkman Hodgson of Ashgrove, Sevenoaks. Among the prices are the following: Cervantes, "Persiles y Sigismunda," first edition, Madrid, 1617, £9 15s.; Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 5 vols., 1625-26, £49; Shakespeare, Second Folio, T. Cotes for R. Allot, 1632, imperfect, £54 10s.

Correspondence.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article "English Rule in Egypt," in the *Nation* of February 21, this sentence appears:

But just because British rule has achieved so many material reforms, we have the right to inquire whether it has also made the natives contented and happy.

In the interests of fair play, you will no doubt be glad that your readers should have the testimony, not only of an Englishman with a grievance, but of an outsider, who approaches the subject without prejudice. I refer to A. B. de Guerville, the author of "New Egypt," a Frenchman, who is not likely to be an Anglophile. In the February number of the *Fortnightly Review* he has some apposite remarks on the point you raise. The italics are mine.

I have passed the last two winters in Egypt and the Soudan, and have been in daily contact with all classes of the population there, studying the subject with the greatest interest and the most absolute impartiality. Now, I have arrived at the conclusion that from the bottom to the top of the social scale the inhabitants of the country, the very great majority of the inhabitants, recognize the work achieved by England, pay her a real debt of gratitude for their present prosperity, and are *perfectly satisfied* with the existing state of things. *Of this there cannot be any doubt* . . .

We find Egypt rich and prosperous; a great portion of her debt paid, an admirably adjusted budget; her revenues increasing enormously, regularly every year—and that in the face of large and important public works, works which daily augment the wealth of the country. Agriculture is advancing by leaps and bounds, while commerce and industry develop and increase with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the world. A well-organized network of railroads, steam navigation, telegraphs, telephones, and excellently maintained canals, spreads over the country. Schools of every kind have been opened—primary, secondary, and higher schools, technical, commercial, and medical schools. The fellah works *quietly and happily* on his land, and the townsman is growing rich, while business prospers increasingly from one end of the country to the other. From the mouths of the Nile, from Alexandria to the great lakes of central Africa, all across Egypt, Nubia, and the Sudan, peace and quiet reign everywhere. And—strange as it may seem—all these results have been obtained, not by increasing the taxes, but, on the contrary, by reducing, and even in some cases abolishing them altogether.

M. de Guerville's account of the proportions and origin of the "discontent" in Egypt is most interesting, but too long to quote. I would recommend the whole article to such of your readers as may be interested in getting at the truth of the matter. ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., February 23.

Notes.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce the following books for this spring: "The Princess Virginia," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Leopard and the Lily," by Marjorie Bowen; "The Whirlwind," by Eden Phillpotts; "Fanshawe of the Fifth," by Ashton Hilliers; "The Siamese Cat," by H. M. Rideout; "The Smiths," by Keble Howard; "The Silent Door," by Florence Wilkinson; "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry; "The Bird of Time," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow; "His Courtship," by Helen R. Martin; "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell; "The Great American Pie Company," by E. P. Butler; "The Croxley Master," by A. Conan Doyle; "Pinafore Palace," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith; "From King to King," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "A Night in Avignon," by C. Y. Rice; "The Story of Life Insurance," by B. J. Hendrick; "Through Portugal," by Martin Hume, and "England and the English," by F. M. Hueffer.

The Arthur H. Clark Co. announces the following books: "The Collected Works of the Right Rev. John England," seven volumes, edited by the Most Rev. S. G. Messmer; three additional volumes, 47, 48, and 49, of the series "Philippine Islands; 1493-1898," edited by Blair and Robertson; the final volume of the series "Early Western Travels; 1748-1846," comprising an extensive analytical Index; "The Discovery, Conquest, and Early History of the Philippine Islands," by Prof. E. G. Bourne; Antonio De Morga's "History of the Philippine Islands," edited by J. A. Robertson; Vol. 2 of Prof. Walter L. Fleming's "Documentary History of Reconstruction."

The New Universal Library of E. P. Dutton & Co. is to contain the works of Ruskin in fifteen volumes.

A new edition of Boswell's "Johnson," edited by Roger Ingpen, is announced by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. Its distinguishing feature will be the illustrations, of which there will be some four hundred, including twelve photogravure plates.

John Lane Company is publishing a "Life of Chesterfield," by W. N. Craig. The special aim of the book is to set forth Lord Chesterfield's zeal, foresight, and incorruptibility as a political agent.

There is to be a new Southern periodical which starts, at least, with every promise of success. On April 15 will be issued the first number of *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, edited by Joel Chandler Harris. Mr. Harris himself furnishes editorials and stories, and all the talent of the South has been engaged to contribute.

Bliss Perry, writing sympathetically of "The Centenary of Longfellow," in the *Atlantic*, touches one phase of the poet's work that has been rather ignored in recent appreciations. He says:

There can be no happier fortune than that which has made him the children's poet. They are untroubled with scruples and hesitancies. If there were a language for such childish secrets, the sweet voices that recite with delicious solemnity "The Children's Hour," might tell us more about Longfellow than we professional critics—with our meticulous pedantry, our scrutiny of "sources," our ears so trained to detect overtones that we lose the melody—shall ever learn.

A further tribute to the poet are Thomas Bailey Aldrich's finely wrought verses which we print elsewhere.

None of our English novelists has been more pleasantly and adequately presented than Mrs. Gaskell in the Knutsford edition, of which Putnams have just issued the concluding five volumes. Dr. A. W. Ward, who, with the assistance of the Misses Gaskell, adds the Introductions, writes of the characters of the tales as if they were real people. Nor does he fail to explain the circumstances under which each book was written, and to relate it to other works of fiction of the time. His wide reading enables him to illustrate the work in hand learnedly, but without ostentation or pedantry. The new material in this edition, both editorial and textual, will afford the occasion later on for a more extended study of Mrs. Gaskell in the *Nation*.

A new volume in Heath's Belles-Lettres Series contains a selection of "Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics," edited by Prof. F. M. Padelford of the University of Washington. Wyatt and Surrey naturally furnish the bulk of the book, but a group of poems from miscellaneous sources follows, including several of Henry the Eighth's royal plaints. The distinctive feature of the work is the fact that all the selections are printed from the MSS. or from the earliest editions, and the editor points to the present text of Surrey to show the unsatisfactoriness of previous texts based upon Tottel's "Miscellany." The reproduction of the old spelling will have its attraction for scholars and other readers will scarcely be concerned. Of the Introduction and notes a good deal might be said. Professor Padelford follows the present trend in seeking the Italian and French sources of the English. His criticism is judicious, but one could wish he had not fallen into the snare of supposing, after Sidney Lee, that these amorous verses are addressed necessarily to a fancied mistress. For love, after all, is a pretty common sentiment, and the object of a man's passion may have been real enough, although he addressed her in stolen language.

Charles Stuart Calverley's Translations of the Idylls of Theocritus is the newest volume in the Riverside Press Editions (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Calverley is better known as a parodist. His "Fly Leaves," reprinted more than twenty years ago in Henry Holt & Co.'s Leisure Hour Series, ran through several editions and made his lighter verse familiar to many American readers. The renderings of Theocritus, which show Calverley at his best, were originally published in 1869, and have twice been reprinted in small editions. Few translations have succeeded so well in reconciling and realizing the two ideals of fidelity and felicity. The Riverside Press Edition is a fitting vehicle for these exquisite verses. The type is italic, the paper hand made; the margins are generous. The title, the three main divisions of the volume, and numerous short pages are ornamented with appropriate subjects from antique gems engraved on wood by M. Lamont Brown. Three hundred and thirty copies are printed, of which three hundred are offered for sale.

The "Select Epigrams of Martial, Books VII.-XII.," edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake, and published at the Clarendon Press, is an excellent book for supplementary use in the upper classes of high schools or the lower college classes. With a little judicious explanation of Roman life on the part of the teacher, these epigrams may be made thoroughly interesting; they are short and suited to fit in odd moments for

the sake of variety, and the notes are such as to make any required preparation extremely easy.

The latest additions to Everyman's Library (Dent-Dutton) fall under the division of Theology and Philosophy. They are Hugh Latimer's "Sermons," Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," Butler's "Analogy," Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," John Wesley's "Journal" (4 vols.), F. D. Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" (2 vols.), F. W. Robertson's "Sermons on Christian Doctrine," "Sermons on Religion and Life," and "Sermons on Bible Subjects," and Principal T. M. Lindsay's New Testament. All of these books, not excepting the "Religio Medici," may fairly be classed as standard divinity. All of them are interesting as presenting a theory of a devout and well-ordered life, rather than a system of theology or the creed of a sect. Wesley's "Journal" is especially entertaining, as it draws with many intimate touches the picture of a unique and powerful personality, the founder of Methodism.

In addition to the work of specialists in Biblical study there will always be need of popular treatises by men who possess accurate information and sound judgment as to the results of scholarship. An excellent book of this sort is "The New Appreciation of the Bible," by Willard Chamberlain Selleck (University of Chicago Press). Dr. Selleck writes briefly of the history of the Bible, contrasts succinctly the traditional and modern views of both the Old and New Testaments, and presents a clear summary of the principal critical conclusions and their bearing upon the ideas of inspiration and authority. He is persuaded that the Bible must always be read chiefly as a religious book, and also that its spiritual use must be consonant with the truth about its nature. His endeavor, therefore, is not only to convey information as to what critical scholarship has accomplished, but also to induce intelligent and thorough study of the book on the part of those who turn to it for stimulus and enlightenment. In the presence of multiplicity of detail Dr. Selleck has preserved a good sense of proportion. Readers of his careful chapters will have little to unlearn if they pursue their studies further.

The "Evolution of Religions," by Everard Bierer (G. P. Putnam's Sons), shows an excellent spirit, and the greater part of its material is taken from good sources. The title, however, is too large for the contents, and the book suffers somewhat from the author's insufficient acquaintance with the general history of religions.

The present state of the controversy respecting the authorship of the "De Imitatione Christi" is set forth by J. E. G. de Montmorency in his "Thomas à Kempis" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He gives lists of manuscripts of the treatise in English libraries, of other manuscripts cited, and of printed editions, together with Gerson's tract "De Meditatione Cordis" and an extract from the "Garden of Roses" of Thomas à Kempis. After a careful survey of the evidence he decides in favor of Thomas as the author of the "Imitation." He has brought together many facts of general interest, and his discussion is broad and candid. There are added numerous illustrations, all of them reproductions from fifteenth-century manuscripts or printed books.

The New Church Board of Publication issues Swedenborg's little book, "The Proprium, or What of Man Is Not His Own," with an introduction by John Bigelow. The Proprium, it may be added, is in Swedenborgian phrase the individual life which runs counter to the universal, spiritual life, and which is thus the cause of evil and the hindrance to righteousness.

"The Boy's Friend" would be an appropriate sub-title for Ethel M. Hogg's biography of her father, Quintin Hogg (E. P. Dutton & Co.), for the ruling motive of his life was to help boys. The son of a titled and wealthy London merchant, an Eton graduate and boon companion of noblemen's sons, before he was out of his teens he began his life work. Disguising himself as a shoeblack, he would sally forth to earn a few pence by holding horses, blacking boots, or doing other odd jobs; and he would spend two or three nights a week curled up in a barrel, under a tarpaulin or on a ledge in the Adelphi arches, learning to know the boys he meant to rescue, making their life his life, their language his language. "It was from thus becoming conversant with the needs of the poor youngsters of our capital," says his lifelong friend, the Duke of Argyll, "that he was led to found the Polytechnic, a training industrial school which should minister at once to the health of their minds, bodies, and souls, and give them opportunities of acquiring the practical and scientific knowledge useful to them in their various trades." Among the recreations which he provided were widely scattered holiday homes, in one of which, at Lucerne, during the season of 1903, "seven thousand persons were accommodated." Naturally the larger part of the biography is devoted to an account of the development of this institution, making it an invaluable record for the study of workers in a similar field. But even the casual reader will find much of interest in the suggestive anecdotes, often brimming over with humor, of the way in which boys were helped, in the numerous letters giving them counsel, and especially in the bright descriptions he wrote them of his foreign trips, to the far East, to Guiana, where his business house had extensive sugar plantations, and to this country. The book is too long and contains much that is trivial and unworthy of publication, but as a whole it is a stimulating account of a noble, self-sacrificing life.

In "The Building of a Book" (the Grafton Press), edited by Frederick H. Hitchcock, there is brought together an unusual group of brief papers by expert hands on every subject connected with the writing, manufacturing, selling, advertising, and reviewing of a book. So minute is the work that, for example, it contains descriptions of all the machines used in the bindery. The book may satisfy the curiosity of a good many and prove directly useful to a few.

Much that is interesting for sportsmen is to be found in "The Book of Camping and Woodcraft" by Horace Kephart (New York: The *Outing* Publishing Company). Of particular value are the instructions regarding making and keeping a camp, cookery, and methods of travel in the forest.

Volumes xiv. and xv. of the new "Meyers Konversationslexikon" (Lemcke & Buechner) carry this great encyclopædia from Mittewald to Plakatschriften. Of the qualities of the work—its scope, accuracy, and serviceableness—it is not necessary to speak again. It is, of course, edited primarily for Germans, and an overbalance of German names and matter is natural and right. But a certain inequality in the English and American titles renews the wish that we had an English encyclopædia of the same character. As examples of this inequality of execution we might point to the fact that Walter Pater is included, while Pepys is omitted, or that the map of Nuremburg is excellent, whereas New York receives scant representation, or that in the list of living Oriental philologists the English names are rather freakishly selected, and American scholars (some of them of very high international standing) are not mentioned at all. So, again, under "Philosophy" there are two plates giving twelve portraits, all of Germans. To include Wundt and Fischer and Nietzsche while omitting Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, and Locke, is mere chauvinism. However, these errors in proportion are but slight blemishes in a work which shows the most careful and thorough editing. Special praise ought to be given to the excellence of the maps and illustrations. No reference library can be without this new (sixth) edition of Meyers.

The Academy of Sciences in Krakow has begun the publication of a new legal collection on a large scale called "Corpus Juris Polonici." It is to contain all the Polish statutes from the oldest period down to 1795, and in this way is to take the place of the old incomplete and uncritical "Volumina Legum." The first volume, being the third of the first division of the series, and containing the material from 1506 to 1522, has been prepared by Oswald Balzer and has just made its appearance.

In the *Deutsche Revue*, Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald publishes a plea for university chairs to be occupied by men not under any obligation to teach, but engaged wholly in research. The writer contends that at present original research is only a side issue with the average university professor. He seems to regard with something like envy the rich financial equipment of some English and American institutions, which have already been able to establish a number of research professorships; and he maintains that Robert Koch, the Berlin bacteriologist, is the only one in the learned world of the Fatherland who enjoys a position financially independent enough to devote his whole time to research.

The marked tendency in Germany to crowd the old classics from the curriculum of the secondary schools and substitute scientific and other non-classical branches, is apparent from the action of the National Association of Engineers, demanding that mathematics and natural sciences be substituted for some of the language studies. The Verein has declared in favor of the so-called "reform" gymnasium, tried experimentally in several cities, which has no Latin in the first six

years, and in the last three divides its curriculum into three elective groups, one of languages, a second of mathematics and the sciences, and a third of modern languages. The engineers have in making this demand seconded the proposals of the National Association of Physicians in their recent convention in Stuttgart. An appeal has been made to the Prussian Cultus Ministry to make the experiment of applying these demands in a number of its State gymnasia; or still better, at once convert several of the classical into full-pledged "reform" gymnasia.

The report of the Krupp Library of Essen, Germany, covering the years 1899-1906, presents statistics of use and growth which compare favorably with those of any American public library, and illustrate the reading habits of the artisan class in Germany. When the library was first projected, fears of ill success were generally expressed, based on the supposed indifference of the workmen. From a collection of 7,500 volumes, however, the library has now grown to 51,750 volumes, and two-fifths of these are in constant circulation. The readers number 14,450, and during the fiscal year 1905-6 they drew out 388,001 books. It may be interesting to note that the population of Essen is about equal to that of Troy, N. Y., in which city the public library reported for the same period a circulation of 62,000 volumes, about one-sixth that of the Krupp Library. Especially striking are the statistics reported for the juvenile department, where, in seven years, there has been a growth in circulation from 7,961 volumes to 84,340. The spirit of the management and of the reading public alike is shown by a liberal provision in the rules allowing readers to take as many books at a time as they wish, and by the fact that during four years only two volumes have been lost.

The committee of one hundred, organized under the leadership of Joseph H. Choate, to provide a national memorial to the late Carl Schurz, appeals for $250,000. It has already received $40,000. The money will be used:

(1.) To promote, in some effective manner, a wider application of the principles of civil-service reform.
(2.) To promote the extension of Germanistic culture in the United States.
(3.) To commemorate Mr. Schurz's work for the advancement of the negro and Indian races through the erection of a suitable building or other memorial at the Hampton Institute.

Ada Lydia Howard, first president of Wellesley College, died on Sunday, in Brooklyn. Miss Howard was born in Temple, N. H., in 1829, was educated in private schools in Lowell, Mass., and at Mount Holyoke College, and then became a teacher. She taught at Mount Holyoke and conducted a private school of her own before she became the first president of Wellesley College in 1875. She held the office till 1882, when failing health prompted her to resign. She was the first woman college president in the world.

The foreign papers bring news of the death of Prof. Ferdinand Justi, in his seventieth year, at Marburg, where he was born and educated, and where he lived as a member of the university faculty until the end. He was a distinguished philologist of the Aryan languages, particularly of the Persian. Among his publications are a translation and glossary of the "Bundehesh" (1868), a "History of the Oriental Nations in Ancient Times" (1885), a "History of Iran" (1897), and "The Life and Legend of Zarathustra" (1905). He was also concerned in the completion (1879) of a French-Kurdish dictionary, compiled under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg.

TENDENCIES TOWARD SOCIALISM.

The Pattern Nation. By Sir Henry Wrixon, K.C. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

"The problem [of the day] is," writes Sir Henry Wrixon, "What will the poor do with the rich? It arises when, on the political side of life, lawful government by the majority of the people becomes an established fact, in vindication of the principle that men are equal; while the industrial and social side of life is still left to be controlled by methods that have for their foundation the fact that men are unequal, and that their rewards in life are to be unequal also." These sentences define the question which our author's treatise is nominally intended to answer. The book may easily therefore be mistaken for a mere prediction as to the course which modern Europe and America will follow. But Wrixon has in reality, whatever his intention, produced something much more valuable than one of those political prophecies which may startle or amuse but do not permanently interest or influence thinking men. He has given us a subtle analysis of the state of opinion with regard to social progress now prevalent in England. Whoever, indeed, analyzes the condition of society may become, without intending it, a prophet. In January, 1848, Tocqueville described to the French Chamber of Deputies the feelings and aspirations of French artisans in words which predicted the Revolution of February, 1848. Our author, who in spirit belongs to the school of Tocqueville, draws a picture of public opinion in England in 1906. It may well turn out that he has given a forecast of impending events or catastrophes. He writes, it is true, only of the "Pattern Nation." He says nowhere that this model State is England, nor in his view are his words more applicable to England than to other countries. But here again he resembles Tocqueville. The French writer is known by his "Democracy in America" and by his "Ancien Régime," but Tocqueville, whether he was writing about American Democracy, or about the government of France under the ancient monarchy, had his thoughts invariably fixed upon the democratic spirit, as it existed or seemed to him at any rate to exist in the France of his own day. So Wrixon may write of the Pattern Nation. He may believe, and rightly, that much of his doctrine is applicable to France, to Germany, or to the United States. But his eye is always upon the England of to-day. The true merit of a volume which in its 172 pages contains more thought and more wisdom than is often to be found in books of tenfold its size, is that it suggests ideas which ought to arrest the attention of the whole English people, whether living in the United Kingdom, in the United States, or in England's self-governing Colonies. Three leading ideas which lie at the very basis of his theories are preeminently noteworthy.

First: There exists in modern England a fundamental though an imperfectly recognized inconsistency between the political and social side of life. English political life is based upon the idea, common to every modern democratic society, that human beings are substantially equal; or, to put the matter in the most moderate form, that the points in which human beings resemble one another are far more important than the characteristics in which they differ. Hence the perpetual extension of the Parliamentary franchise which tends logically towards universal suffrage. Hence, too, the strength of the demand for votes for women. English social and industrial life, on the other hand, rests on the belief in the inequality of mankind. The ideal by which in all matters of trade or commerce Englishmen have been hitherto guided, is that there should be a free career for talent, and that everything should be governed by unrestricted though fair competition. That this system does bring the best, that is, the strongest, men to the front, is certain. That it makes the world a very hard world for those who start with any disadvantage, physical, moral, or social, is equally certain. The struggle for existence produces much good, but under the form of unrestricted competition it assuredly produces much suffering, and means that the minority of a country will have a far larger share of the good things of life than the majority.

Secondly: Since the majority of a democratic country either must be or will become the sovereign power, that majority—speaking broadly, the wage-earners—must inevitably desire social equality. This has long been perceived by thinkers of every school. One consideration, however, has escaped their attention: They have not observed that just because the democratic theory, when fully accepted, gives to mere numbers full and legal sovereignty, it places in the hands of the poor the means of establishing, not by brute force, but by orderly and legal methods, the reign of social and industrial equality. The weapon for the attainment of this end is the unrestricted power of taxation. The despot, whether an hereditary monarch or a sovereign multitude, whose power of taxing is unlimited, can compel the rich to provide for the wants of the poor, or, in other words, can diminish by degrees the difference between rich and poor. When the poor have sovereign authority, violence is folly. "You need not," to use our author's illustration, "smash the safe open when you have got the key." In England, household suffrage already lays the treasures of the state at the legal disposal of the poor. Various circumstances, moreover, favor the advance towards Socialism, or towards a policy which shall try to give to all classes an equal share in the blessings of life; and it is in the description of these conditions that the most important part of the "Pattern Nation" consists. Wage-earners naturally approve any scheme of taxation which, for example, by providing old-age pensions, lightens for the mass the burdens of life. But the most striking feature of the present time is the feebleness of the resistance made by men

of wealth to socialistic measures which fifty years ago would have been resisted by every person who had a tolerable income or who even earned good wages. The causes of this change in attitude are various. Sympathy with those who undergo any kind of physical suffering tells for much. National prosperity increases the wealth of England and encourages the delusion that the resources at the disposal of the state are practically unlimited. Again, a course of action which tends towards Socialism and would involve many evils if adopted as a general rule, may happen to be expedient in exceptional cases. None but the most fanatical doctrinaires would object to giving state help to the population who have suffered from the earthquakes at San Francisco or in Jamaica; but it would be insanity to organize a plan of relief which made the inhabitants either of San Francisco or of Jamaica permanent paupers. At this very moment hundreds of semi-Socialists in England are prepared to give state help to men temporarily thrown out of work, and to do this without placing them in the position of paupers. But benevolence of this kind, meant to meet an emergency, certainly stimulates the idea that the state ought to provide employment for all. The semi-Socialism which thinks only of meeting an immediate want, falls in well with the systematic Socialism which aims to change the whole organization of society. The circumstance, however, which affords the greatest encouragement to Socialism is that at this moment the country enjoys the benefits of two essentially inconsistent systems. Englishmen still possess both the material wealth and, what is of more consequence, the individual energy of character, which under a democracy is the result of free competition; and at the same time the accumulation of wealth, which is really due to individual energy, provides the means by which socialistic schemes—*e. g.*, the payment to persons employed by municipalities of wages above those which would arise from the mere haggling of the market—may be carried into effect. This conceals for a time the fact that the system of free competition and the socialistic system are inconsistent with one another and cannot long coexist.

Thirdly: The very success of Socialism must, as Wrixon clearly believes, have two effects. It will diminish the individual energy and inventiveness which is due to competition. It will also in the long run make it necessary in matters of trade to substitute for the energy arising from free competition the force given by disciplined submission to the commands of the state. If every profitable business is to become at last a public concern, the mass of the population will become the servants of the state. The aim of the government must be at once to make the business of the state profitable and to keep the people in physical comfort on the profits. But the members of an industrial army whose energies are not stimulated by competition must be as well disciplined as an army of soldiers. The most competent leaders must bear rule. The rank and file must be trained to absolute obedience. Military discipline framed to attain the objects of industrial warfare as against all persons not belonging to the pattern nation must in its turn generate military ideas: we know already that an armed nation instead of turning soldiers into citizens is likely to imbue citizens with the feelings of soldiers. However this may be, Wrixon's teaching clearly points to the gradual development of an irrepressible conflict between thoroughgoing Socialism and democratic freedom. He does not undertake to prove that a socialistic state cannot be prosperous. What he does attempt to show is that if such a state is to prosper it will destroy individual freedom.

Our author's treatise suggests many criticisms. We will hazard one only, and that had best be put in the form of a question: Is it certain that the faith in the democratic dogma of human equality under the law is destined to retain its force and to produce its full logical results? Historical considerations assuredly leave the answer to this question open to doubt. Few are the thinkers who at the beginning of the twentieth century believe in human equality with the dogmatic enthusiasm which characterized many thinkers towards the end of the eighteenth century? It is at least possible that no European state may ever become in spirit thoroughly democratic. The ideas which make for Socialism, be it remembered, undermine enthusiasm for democracy; and democracy is the force which our author assumes may ultimately enable the mass of the people, by the exercise of sovereign power, to try socialistic experiments. What if this force of democracy on which he relies is already losing part of its strength?

TWO SAINTS OF SIENA.

Saint Bernardine of Siena. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Translated by Baroness G. Von Hugel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

In 1896, P. Thureau-Dangin of the French Academy published his "St. Bernardin de Sienne," a work which has been justly praised for "its limpid felicity of style," its "quiet power of objective presentment, complete sympathy with its subject," and, above all, for a "serene impartiality which, nevertheless, takes none of the fire and life out of the book." Moreover, though a popular, it is also a learned work; and on its first appearance no less an authority than Signor Fortunato Donati, the secretary of the Commissione Senese di Storia Patria, declared that M. Thureau-Dangin had consulted practically everything which had as yet been printed about San Bernardino. In 1897 Monsignore Telemaco Barbetti translated the volume into Italian, with a number of original notes which added appreciably to the value. Two years later, a more exhaustive, but from a literary point of view vastly inferior, "Storia di San Bernardino da Siena e del suo Tempo" was published in Mondovì by F. Alessio, and this was supplemented in 1899 by a learned monograph, "L'Eloquenza di S. Bernardino," from the pen of D. Domenico Ronzoni (Siena: Biblioteca del Clero). Moreover, an important contribution to the subject of "the Spirituals," which is dealt with at some length by M. Thureau-Dangin in connection with "The Strict Observance" (Chapter V.), is to be found in Prof. L. Fumi's "Eretici e Ribelli nell' Umbria dal 1220 al 1330, studiati su documenti inediti dell' Archivio segreto Vaticano," published in successive numbers of the *Bollettino della Società Umbra di Storia Patria*, beginning with the year 1897.

With these works before him (to say nothing of the numerous articles which have appeared in various Italian periodicals) no one with a just appreciation of the responsibilities of a translator should have found it hard to produce a really adequate and up-to-date English version of Thureau-Dangin's delightful book. We only marvel that we have had so long to wait. The fault certainly does not lie with the subject; for, of all the saints in the Roman Calendar, it would be difficult to find one whose life and character appeal more strongly to Christians of every shade of opinion. The translation, however, is a disappointment. In the first place, we doubt whether the Baroness Von Hugel has an adequate knowledge of French; we are sure she has an inadequate knowledge of English. To say nothing of such uncouth words as "categorized," "sermonizer," "precisionize," and the like, we have "enaction" for "enactment" and "creditable" for "credible." "Disjointed inhabitants" is certainly no translation of "les habitants divisés." The book, too, is full of slang—for example, "sporting" for "displaying," and "hiding" for "beating"; while we read of "interceding to" the Deity, "exercising a criterion," and so forth.

These, however, are minor blemishes. In M. Thureau-Dangin's book there are numerous extracts from the forty-five sermons which Fra Bernardino preached in the Piazza del Campo of Siena in the year 1427, and which were taken down in shorthand by one of his auditors. These extracts probably constitute the most important part of the whole work, since, as Prof. Langton Douglas truly remarks, "the best portrait of the saint is to be found in his own sermons." These sermons were spoken and reported in the Tuscan tongue, racy and of the soil; and they must necessarily lose something even in the best of translations. Obviously, therefore, it was the duty of the Baroness Von Hugel to consult the original. This she evidently has not done, and, by the time M. Thureau-Dangin's French has been transmuted into the Baroness's English, the sayings of the saint are often barely recognizable. We have been at the pains of comparing every one of such passages, as they appear in her book, with the Italian of the "Prediche Volgari," and we are reluctantly compelled to declare that the true meaning is often hopelessly obscured. Notable instances occur on pages 14, 166, 175, 198, 204, 206, and 209; but they are scarcely more startling than many others.

Saint Catherine of Siena and Her Times. By the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 28 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

Nearly half a century has passed since "Mademoiselle Mori, a Tale of Ancient Rome," appeared, received the praise of the critics of the day, and found a permanent place as a minor classic read and reread like "Romola," "The Marble Faun," and "The Improvisatore," by travellers in Italy. Its author, Miss Margaret Denise Roberts,

a native of Wales, had even then so mastered the language, as to write all but the last chapter of the original manuscript in Italian. During the intervening years, Miss Roberts has not allowed her pen to grow rusty, but under varying pseudonyms has published other novels which have been well received. These years have been spent chiefly in France, Italy, and Germany, and have widened that knowledge of the literatures and customs of these countries, which forms the broad foundation for this readable, vivacious life of Saint Catherine of Siena.

More than two score writers are cited, chiefly Italian, and often not accessible to those who read only English. They range from "Fra Paolino," one of the earliest books in Italian, and "St. Pol le Ber," in early French, and Orlandino's "Tractate on Governing a Family," to Cardinal Capocelatro's and Mignaty's biographies of St. Catherine. Although now and then some document in the library at Siena or in the archives of Florence is mentioned, there is little evidence of any original research among manuscript sources or the discovery of any material not already in print. References to volume and page of the works quoted are rarely given and, on the whole, one is forced to the conclusion that the historian's well-documented life of St. Catherine is yet to be published.

If, conscious of the current of modern thought towards mysticism, a reader should turn to this book expecting to find a study of Catherine the Mystic, a pen picture of this early mediæval saint in the spirit of an altar-piece by Fra Angelico or Fra Filippo Lippi, such a biography as a Christina Rossetti might perhaps have written, he will seek in vain for an adequate presentation of that "astonishing spiritual vitality" which is necessary in order to explain her leadership among her people and in her Church. In Miss Roberts's opinion, St. Catherine has been judged too often with a prejudice which does not allow for the age in which she lived, or consider sufficiently the facts of her life; and has sometimes been regarded "simply as a saint," sometimes "as chiefly concerned with politics, so that in either case only a partial view of her is obtained." Miss Roberts's view is that Catherine of Siena was "very human, though a great saint." She had a blessed gift of good spirits, sang at her work, laughed with all her heart, could scold, too, if necessary, and was most unlike the drooping, conventual, nunlike figure which painting mostly gives as her likeness. In these pages the woman is emphasized, with saintly qualities to be sure, but a woman who will not be confined in traditional walks, who sees the needs of her times, and serves her day and generation, a dramatic figure influencing the destinies of Italy and the Popes, "one of the three greatest figures of the fourteenth century." But if, falling under the charm of this interesting biography, the reader is led to forget that the motives of to-day were not the motives of yesterday, that Caterina Benincasa was less the pioneer of the modern woman than at times she appears here, the turn of a leaf may place before him Verocchio's Statue, or one of Sodoma's paintings, and recall to him the conception of St. Catherine held by her contemporaries and immediate successors.

The illustrations are all reproductions of photographs, either paintings and statues of St. Catherine, or of places and objects associated with her life, nearly all in Siena. The commonly accepted designations of paintings are changed in order to introduce the name of St. Catherine, and details of larger pictures are given (*e. g.*, that by Francesco di Giorgio, opposite p. 126), with nothing in the inscription to indicate that the entire painting is not reproduced; and as a rule there is no indication of the place where the painting or statue is preserved. Throughout the book there are evidences of careless proofreading, which permits "merely" to take the place of "nearly" (p. 7), "See" of "She" (p. 12), and "Mr. Jameson" of "Mrs. Jameson" (p. 63).

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

History of Egypt, Chaldea, Syria, Babylonia, and Assyria in the Light of Recent Discovery. By L. W. King and H. R. Hall, Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. One hundred illustrations. London and New York: The Grolier Society.

Emphasis is to be placed upon the last six words of the title. We are told that the ignorant destruction or removal of the antiquities of Egypt by natives for purposes of sale to tourists, is going on so rapidly that the field will be exhausted in another decade. To some extent the same danger besets the antiquities of Mesopotamia and Syria, where the native superstition sees in a sculptured or inscribed stone a repository of precious metals, the source of untold wealth. In these ways many precious records of antiquity have been destroyed. It is with interest that one reads of efforts to forestall so dire an issue and to secure what remains. The results of the various excavations are published periodically, as in the admirable "Memoirs" of the various branches of the Egypt exploration fund. But the sum total is ever growing, and its story is scattered in a multitude of places. To have the *disjecta membra* brought together and digested is exceedingly useful. This is the task which Messrs. King and Hall have performed. Taking the history of the respective countries, principally Egypt and Mesopotamia, as threads, they have strung upon them the newly discovered facts which bear upon the story of each country. Sufficient time has elapsed to enable them to exercise considerable criticism upon the materials in hand, and this criticism is to the entire advantage of a clear understanding of the significance of each item.

It is indicative of the activity of the few years since the publication of Maspero's "History" that so large a volume has been found necessary to expound the significance of the new data. The preponderance of Egypt over Western Asia in the space is only about thirty pages. The most striking facts bear particularly upon the earliest period. In fact the pre-dynastic history of Egypt has been traced so far as it can be, now, from materials discovered within a decade or so. It is, however, too soon to say that all of the deductions based upon these recently discovered facts are reliable and permanent, particularly as conclusions apparently sound may be wholly upset at a moment's notice by a shovel or pick.

Egypt is particularly fortunate in the fact that dryness of climate has preserved the memorials of its history so remarkably. Assyria and Palestine, on the contrary, are rainy lands and all traces of objects less lasting than terra-cotta or stone have disappeared. "There is little hope that prehistoric Chaldea will ever be known to us." In Egypt the written records go back nearly 4,000 years B. C., and the Neolithic remains much further, while the Palæolithic come from a time when climate conditions were different. The perfection of the flint clipping and of the potter's art, as well as the grace of the stone vessels which date from this age, all point to a long course of development. The first three dynasties were represented in previous treatises by a list of royal names of persons who were for the most part names only. The excavations of De Morgan, Petrie, and others have given these shadowy persons substance. Their period promises in the near future to take on the shape of veritable and exact history.

In this place it is impossible to go into details, but it may be said in brief that the authors have traversed the field of recent discovery and research, have extracted the vital facts, and have set them down with care and criticism.

Studies of Roman Imperialism. By William Thomas Arnold. Manchester: University Press.

The author was the grandson of Thomas Arnold, well known through his "History of Rome," and nephew of Matthew Arnold. The memoir which introduces the volume was written by his sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and C. E. Montague, his friend and colleague. Mr. Arnold, born in Australia in 1852 and graduated from Oxford in 1876, published three years later his prize essay, "Roman Provincial Administration." It remains the chief English authority on the subject; and a new edition, prepared by E. S. Shuckburgh, will soon be printed. In the same year Mr. Arnold took a position on the editorial staff of the Manchester *Guardian*, and he continued at this post till he was compelled to retire (1898) by the long illness of which he died in 1904.

In attractive and sympathetic style Mrs. Ward narrates the development of her brother's mind through its expanding interest in poetry, the fine arts, politics, travel, and history. The most serious of his avocations was Roman history, for which he was well equipped by his knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, of topography, and of the German historical method. His plan was to write a detailed account of the Empire from Augustus to Marcus Aurelius, but, unfortunately, his daily labor as a journalist prevented him from taking more than the first steps in that direction. The work which he actually accomplished, as presented in this volume, is limited to the Augustan age, with but an occasional glance at later developments. Two chapters are devoted to the Constitution, one to the domestic policy of Augustus, and four to the organization and administration of the provinces. The survey of the

dependencies is incomplete, for Britain, which, however, was not acquired till after Augustus. Africa west of Egypt, Syria, and several minor districts are not included. The work is therefore but a fragment. It is edited with notes and an introduction by Mr. Fiddes.

It may surprise the reader that Mr. Arnold did not bring to the study of history the journalist's interest in personal character. In the words of the editor, "his only full-length portraits are Augustus and Agrippa." Mr. Arnold found the character of Augustus important only as a factor in the readjustment of the relations between Rome and her subjects, involved in the change from republic to empire. These relations are his theme. The general reader will find the long description of tribes and communities rather dull, however valuable may be the final result of the study. The scholar may discover an obstacle to the use of the work in the circumstance that the sources cited are altogether inadequate to testing the accuracy of the treatment; and his suspicion will probably be awakened by the large number of evident instances of hasty interpretation or of actual misstatement, many of which the editor has attempted to correct, though not always with success. On page 64, for example, Mr. Fiddes, with Mommsen's "Staatsrecht," i., 554, before him, should have learned that the ædileship was not an essential step in the senatorial career of honors. This criticism has reference only to the practical value of the book; it would be unfair to judge the ability of the author by so incomplete a piece of work. The publication of his critical notes, which Mr. Fiddes describes as very extensive, might add to the reputation of the author, while it would certainly enhance the usefulness of his study. Notwithstanding its limitations, the volume is creditable to the author and to the friends who prepared it for publication. In the dearth of English books on the provinces, it is welcome.

Topliff's Travels. Letters from abroad in the years 1828 and 1829 by Samuel Topliff, Proprietor of the Merchants' News Room in Boston. From the original manuscript owned by the Boston Athenæum. Edited with a memoir and notes by Ethel Stanwood Bolton. Illustrated. Printed from the income of the Robert Charles Billings Fund. The Boston Athenæum.

The Boston Athenæum has begun to broaden and extend its work as a private library by the publication of some of the important and interesting manuscripts in its possession. The first of the series was "Le Forestier's Relation," the autobiographic account of the adventures of a French refugee from Mauritius who earned a precarious living as a teacher in New England in the early part of the last century. "Topliff's Travels," the second of these publications, consists of private letters descriptive of a pleasure trip in Europe in 1828-29—a rare thing in days when it was almost wholly for business reasons that men crossed the Atlantic. The author, Samuel Topliff, was the proprietor of a Merchants' Reading Room, the first establishment of the kind in the country, where the latest ship news, letters from correspondents in foreign cities and newspapers could be found. His letters are full of information about the places visited and also are enlivened by humorous touches.

After a short stay in England he went to Ireland, and then to Scotland. Passing through Abbotsford, he sought an interview with Sir Walter Scott. In reply he received a polite note of regret, which wishes "Mr. T. an agreeable journey and assures him he has no reason to regret that his curiosity has not been gratified as he would only have seen a very plain old man." One of Topliff's "general observations" about Holland was that "a four-pronged silver fork is used almost altogether—the knife being used to cut with, but not to convey food to the mouth."

But the most interesting episode of his tour, which included the Rhine, Switzerland, Rome, and Paris, was his visit to Lafayette at his chateau Lagrange. His graphic account of his host, his many proofs of Lafayette's attachment to America, justify alone the publication of the letters:

> In the General's chamber, were Portraits and engravings of several American worthies, among them Genl. Jackson, and two drawings, executed and presented by Mrs. Quincy—one represents Govr. Hancock's house; the other Mr. Quincy's house in Quincy, from which Boston with its State house, church spires, etc., is seen in the distance; and in short every room in the Chateau, as I was informed, contained some memorial of America.

In a letter written from Paris a few months later we find the following observation from one of Topliff's last interviews with Lafayette:

> He appears to know everything that transpires in America, and to take as much interest in the arrival of the packets at Havre as a person engaged in commercial affairs, and he receives regularly by all of them the *North American Review*, and other works, newspapers, letters, etc., which enables him to know what is going on in America, almost as well as if in the country.

Illustrations, facsimiles, maps, and a very full index add to the interest and value of the book.

Peter Rosegger. Ein Charakterbild von Theodor Kappstein. Stuttgart; Greiner & Pfeifer.

There are German writers now living whose poetry has more grace and subtlety, whose fiction is better constructed and finished, and whose reading of life is more profound; but there is no man among them who, for simple, wholesome humanity, can compare with the Austrian, whose name is not only a household word in the humblest homes of his native Steiermark, but whose works are read throughout the world. This book is written by one who with honest enthusiasm has traced the development of his hero not only in his books, but among the people of his native province. The work has the flavor of the soil and the atmosphere of a *plein air* portrait.

In passages from Rosegger's writings which tell his early life in his own words, the figure of the *Waldbauerbub*—the forest peasant's boy—stands out like the image in a mirror. Gifted with a rare imagination, the child lived in the humble home as in a fairy kingdom; he built churches and castles out of paper, played wonderful tunes on the bottom of a keg strung with twine, and painted images of saints with a brush made of his own hair. At night, when the children were put to bed, he told the others stories until they fell asleep. In the daytime he talked with all the shepherds, wood-cutters, colliers, and grandmothers of the countryside, until their rich store of native lore became his own. Upon this fund of quaint beliefs, fancies, and legends he continued to draw long after he had begun to tell his stories to the grown-ups of the world. He began to write while apprenticed to the village tailor. As the acknowledged scribe of the community, he was busy composing letters and poems for his neighbors; and he whiled away the long winter nights by writing almanachs, sermons, plays, stories, and verse of every description. Lending themselves easily to popular tunes, the poems were soon sung in the neighborhood. Finally, he was so warmly encouraged to publish them, that a relative took a basketful of manuscripts—Rosegger naïvely reports that they weighed 115 pounds—to the editor of the *Grazer Tagespost*, Dr. Svoboda, who became interested in his talent. Through him the boy received books and was enabled to enter a school, where he attracted attention not only through his writings, but also the crude yet striking illustrations which he added.

While at this school Rosegger found a friend in the scientist Rudolf Faib, and soon after was taken up by leading literary men of Austria, like Schloegl, Silberstein, Vacano, and Anzengruber. Whatever differences of birth and breeding, taste and opinion, separated them, they were unanimous in their esteem of Rosegger's genial humor and radiant idealism. He had his limitations; the brilliant flashlight of Heine's genius was lost upon him; but it must be emphasized that his disapproval of Heine was not founded upon racial prejudice, for one of his closest friends was Berthold Auerbach. Nor is there a trace of religious intolerance in Rosegger.

The author of the biography is not blind to some peculiarities of his hero, arising from his desultory education. Rosegger has confessed in "Mein Weltleben" that he had gained little from books, that he did not know some of the treasures of the world's literature like Homer and Dante, that he was unfamiliar with Byron, Scott, and Voltaire, and even with Jean Paul and other German writers, and had been unable to read "Wilhelm Meister" to the end. He says: "In this respect, too, I am but a peasant, who can get his nourishment only from his own acres." Of music he admitted knowing nothing but the folksongs, yet he invented tunes to many of his poems which in his neighborhood are sung by the peasants.

There are few problems of modern life that he has not touched upon in his writings. Notwithstanding his religious tolerance and moral latitude, he warned against the influence of Darwin and Nietzsche in his "Weltgift"; he preached return to the soil in "Erdsegen." Though it is easy to detect flaws of construction and taste in not a few of his stories, among them the famous Christ story, "I. N. R. I.," the strength and simplicity, the wholesome humor, and the mature wisdom of this self-made philoso-

pher and poet give his writings a unique charm.

Through Man to God. By George A. Gordon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

A volume of sermons from the foremost pulpit of Congregational New England challenges the thoughtful reader to a larger undertaking than a mere estimate of the intrinsic worth of the particular book. Mather and Edwards, Hopkins and Taylor, Park and Bushnell range themselves in the background, while a host of other giants scarcely less towering crowd beside them and demand to know whether the traditions of the New England pulpit have been upheld. New England preaching is Puritan in type, which means that it is didactic, dogmatic, and in a measure apologetic. It is based upon the conviction that the Bible contains an articulated system of thought which can be deduced by rules of logic, and formulated in catechisms and confessions. The function of preaching is accordingly to set forth this theology in terms adapted to plain minds, with proof drawn from Scripture and with application to the lives of the faithful. Thus the New England sermon has been chiefly doctrinal, with appeal to the reason, and in the hands of masters has tended to be a "great sermon," the declaration of extensive truth, with elevation in thought and style.

It may be said at once that in seriousness of purpose, in professional self-respect, in dignity of undertaking, Dr. Gordon has not violated the canons of the worthy order to which he belongs. To begin with, his sermons are not short, or lightened with anecdote. They respect the hearer enough to assume that he desires a gravely reasoned discourse, which makes some drafts upon the powers of attention and thought, and which follows its subject to a conclusion. Dr. Gordon has addressed himself to people who think, or who think they want to think, which is much the same thing in its bearing upon the gravity of discourse. Despite addiction to the short sentence and consequent monotony, and despite divergence from traditional Puritan theology, he has remained true to the exalted ideals of his fathers.

One finds also in this volume suggestion of a "body of divinity," a carefully reasoned system of truth, which the Puritan divine believed it his duty to work out. In fact, Dr. Gordon speaks of his "philosophy of existence," and declares that the fundamental idea in it is "the incarnation of God in Jesus the perfect man, in all men as moral beings, in all good men as the life of their life." The heart of the Gospel he announces in the sentence, "The supreme path of God is through the humanity of Jesus: the perfect humanity of Jesus supplies the ideal path." In more than one sermon the declaration is repeated that Jesus is the interpretation and law of the universe, that the soul of all things found utterance in him, and he is therefore the manifestation of the mind and heart that is in all and through all. This is a worthy theology, but it is as old as the Fourth Gospel, and it found its classic statement in the Greek fathers. Dr. Gordon can hardly be said to have added to it, nor to have given to its expression any new elements of truth or beauty.

New England has had saints who have dared to find their way alone towards heaven, who have spoken boldly truths of the spirit which they acquired in solitude, without mediation. Jonathan Edwards was one of these, and there are verses of Whittier which testify that the succession has come down almost to our own time. For this ardent self-reliant piety one looks in vain in these Old South sermons. This prophet has not walked alone under the stars, nor did the burning coal touch his lips when he was alone in the temple: he only knows of a prophet who was anointed to tell the truth, and through whom he has received gracious divine revelation. He has gone through man to God, but the faith of the mystic who abides in God, the faith of Northampton's seer, he has not discovered.

In an eloquent plea for accuracy Dr. Gordon speaks of "the sentence passed upon the London publisher who issued the Bible with the negatives left out in the Ten Commandments. His work was destroyed and he was sent to the Tower, not only for sacrilege, but also for inaccuracy." It is fortunate that Boston has no Tower, for Dr. Gordon is evidently thinking of Robert Barker's Bible of 1631, in which "not" was omitted from the seventh commandment, for which Laud's High Commission fined him £300.

Queen Louisa of Prussia. By Mary Maxwell Moffat. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

Twenty-four years have elapsed since the appearance of an authentic German review of Louisa's life, and this new memorial of Germany's most popular woman is timely, coming as it does near the anniversary of the battle of Jena. The volume is popular in plan, and with its twenty or more illustrations, is likely to prove very attractive to the average reader. But there is also a good deal of new matter not found in Horn or even Lonke; there are abundant abstracts from her recently disclosed correspondence, and there are several useful genealogical tables. There is, too, a good index, and a fair bibliography, though it lacks any mention of Martin's German biography (1887), and is wholly deficient in American references, even to such a well-illustrated and popular work as Prof. W. M. Sloane's "Napoleon."

The Queen's private life is set forth in glowing color. We see her a modest but spirited girl, tripping through the streets to a ball after her grandmother's carriage, when the irate old lady would no longer wait for her; and never losing her head when she and her sister became engaged to the Crown Prince of Prussia and his brother, and her lover discovered that she was "as beautiful as an angel." Her beauty, inherited from the Hesse-Darmstadt branch of the family, appears, indeed, to have been all that was ever claimed for it, inducing Goethe to secrete himself in a neighboring tent, when Louisa came to visit her future husband in camp, in order the better to enjoy her features. She was well educated in the things that a girl was taught in those days, playing early on the piano when it was beginning to supplant the harpsichord. With her husband she preferred the plain life of the country cottage and the quiet hours together when they might say *Du* to each other and could enjoy their friends. These included in the political world, for years at least, Alexander, Czar of Russia, and in literary circles Schiller, her favorite poet, and Richter, her favorite prose writer. Goethe, on the other hand, she does not appear to have known well. All her life Louisa interested herself in charitable work, as a girl taking thought for the poor tenants on their estate, as a Queen visiting the poor in Berlin. The change of political events, brought about by Napoleon, reduced her to abject poverty, to the like of which probably no modern queen was ever subjected. The future first Emperor of Germany was born under humiliating circumstances, while she was "living on air," and she was soon forced to beg her brother to send a baby's cap to replace the rag on his head. Yet, despite all this, she never lost her faith, and persisted in her efforts to encourage the King, reminding him that loss of territory is as nothing compared with the loss of liberty, and declaring that she was ready to live on bread and salt, or even die, for "the future of mankind, the welfare of the world, the happiness and independence of unborn generations."

Incidentally Miss Moffat portrays the King, a youth naturally vivacious, but spoiled by a hypochondriacal tutor. He learned to value his wife first through a severe sickness, so that later in life she could write: "The King is kinder and more considerate than ever, and often it seems to me as if my lover and bridegroom had come back."

Naturally, the most interesting single topic treated is the meeting of Louisa with Napoleon. More might have been said of her retreat to Weimar when Hohenlohe and the Duke of Brunswick failed to beat back the French, and she was forced by Napoleon to play hostess to him; but there are some new facts concerning the meetings on the raft at Tilsit, when Napoleon browbeat the King of Prussia and mingled raillery, flippancy, and haughtiness in his discussion with Louisa of political affairs. Probably Miss Moffat is right in ascribing to Burke and Carlyle Marie Antoinette's good fortune in becoming better known to the world than Louisa, notwithstanding the latter's ability, even in public affairs; but the fact that Marie played before the municipal footlights of Paris while Louisa appeared on the great Continental stage when there was but one overshadowing actor in all Europe, had also much to do with the fate of her fame. Destined, rather than her husband, to supplement the work of Frederick the Great, Louisa became the real power behind the throne, and was soon recognized as their best ally by reforming statesmen. Her prophecy of the downfall of Napoleon shows her political sagacity:

> I do not believe that Napoleon Bonaparte is firmly and immovably seated on that splendid throne of his. Stability proceeds from truth and justice, but he has no thought of furthering noble ends or benefitting his fellow men. Many will admire him, but few will have any affection for him. He has ceased to exercise moderation, and the man who cannot hold a middle course is sure to lose his balance and come to the ground.

Her wisdom is also shown in her perception of the value of *Deutsche Einheit*: "I am

fully persuaded that the one and only means of deliverance is the close union of all who bear the name of German."

Science.

The Non-Christian Tribes of Northern Luzon. By Dean C. Worcester. 72 half-tone plates. Manila: Government Printing Bureau. (Reprinted from *Philippine Journal of Science*, Vol. I., No. 8.)

This is the latest, and to date the most authoritative, discussion of the mountain peoples of Northern Luzon as a whole; that is, not a detailed study of any one community, but a comprehensive view and attempt at classification of all. Professor Worcester, as secretary of the interior in the Philippine Government, has charge both of the ethnological study and the government of the wild peoples. He has made many trips, some of them heartbreaking "hikes," on occasions also incurring serious danger in regions previously unexplored. His activity will be apparent to any one who will follow on a map the record given in this paper, or who will observe that one-half of the 200 accompanying photographs were taken by Professor Worcester himself.

There has been considerable discussion recently of certain "authorities" on the Philippines, and some students who have relied on Ferdinand Blumentritt's statements have been surprised to learn that the Bohemian academy teacher was never in the islands about which he wrote so voluminously for a score of years, and that his writings are very inaccurate. Blumentritt listed thirty-six wild tribes in Northern Luzon, and the Jesuit fathers (in their "scientific review" for the first Philippine Commission) twenty-six. Dr. Barrows, formerly chief of the Philippine Ethnological Survey, but now at the head of the Philippine schools, calls all the Malay hill-peoples of Northern Luzon Igorots, recognizing otherwise only the Negritos and the Malay-Negrito mixtures. Professor Worcester will not go quite so far as to consolidate Blumentritt's and the Jesuits' confused lists of tribes into one only, but he agrees with Barrows in rejecting the previous lists as entirely unscientific; he recognizes six Northern Luzon tribes besides the Negritos: the Ilongots or Ibilaos, the Kalingas, the Ifugaos, the Bontoc Igorots, the Lepanto-Benguet Igorots, and the Tingians. An excellent test of Blumentritt's methods is afforded in his treatment of the wild people of the province of Nueva Vizcaya. He catalogued fifteen tribes (and the Jesuits seventeen). Professor Worcester says:

> There are but three non-Christian peoples in the province, viz., the Ilongots, the Ifugaos, and the Isinays (few in number and probably only a dialect-group). Of the remaining tribal designations employed by Blumentritt, Ibilaos and Italones are synonyms of Ilongots; Alimut and Ilamut are synonyms; and the Bungananes or Bunnayanes, Mayoyaos, Quianganes, and Silipanes are all Ifugaos, to whom the names of their *rancherias* (or in the case of the Alimut, the name of their river-valley) have been applied as tribal designations. The Altasanes, Ifumangies, Ileabanes, and Panuipuyes do not exist. In all probability these latter names were taken from those of *rancherias* which have long since disappeared.

Professor Worcester thus explains why Blumentritt's writings on Philippine ethnology and ethnography have only created confusion:

> He is a compiler, pure and simple, and in preparing his list of Philippine tribes has been compelled to follow, more or less blindly, the persons from whom he has derived his information. After nearly four centuries of Spanish occupation and rule, extensive areas in northern Luzon remained entirely unexplored at the time of the American occupation, and . . . the alleged facts as to the inhabitants of this region were necessarily hearsay when they reached the Spaniards, and second-hand hearsay when they reached Professor Blumentritt.

The truth is, the scientific study of Philippine ethnology is only now beginning, under the American Government in the Philippines. Such writings as this paper under review, the annual reports of Dr. Barrows and his survey of the subject in the Philippine Census show how tentative must still be the general conclusions. But the field work already done is enough to dispose of the rumors about extensive mixture of Chinese, Japanese, or even Caucasian blood with the Malay in the Philippines, and to point to the underlying racial unity of the people. Meanwhile, Dr. Saleeby has brought out material hitherto unavailable about the Moros, and Dr. Jenks has made the first really thorough ethnological study ever made in the Philippines, in his *Bontoc Igorot*. Professor Worcester points out our lack as yet of detailed studies of these various mountain communities, and publishes his views only to help "awaken interest" and to stimulate thus the study needed either "to verify or to correct" such conclusions as he has ventured. Incidentally, it may be suggested that the study of northern Luzon dialects, lack of knowledge of which has resulted thus far in their being practically left out of consideration, may prove of considerable importance in classifying these hill peoples.

Readers of the works of Haeckel will find little that is new in his "Last Words on Evolution" (New York: P. Eckler), three lectures delivered in 1905 at Berlin, and declared by the author to be his last public addresses. Others may be glad to have this brief, often bald, but quite characteristic statement of his views, including a particularly bare outline of monistic philosophy. The translation is by Joseph McCabe, and for the most part adequate. The presentation of the subject is marred by a controversial treatment of the work of Wasmann and by an unnecessarily harsh arraignment of Virchow on account of his attitude toward evolutionary questions. To the general, this display of the sledge-hammer method of argument may be attractive; the judicious will grieve, and agree with the writer of the Books of the Maccabees that "speech finely framed delighteth the ears of them that read the story."

All persons who have visited the Pitt-Rivers Museum in Oxford and all students of human history will be interested in the collection of the late Gen. Pitt-Rivers's essays edited by J. L. Myres under the title "The Evolution of Culture and Other Essays" (Henry Frowde), with an Introduction by Henry Balfour. In these papers the founder of the Museum describes his method of investigating the evolution of material arts, particularly in weapons of warfare and means of navigation. His data and his method are both of them instructive.

"Chimæroid Fishes and their Development," by Bashford Dean, is issued as Publication No. 32, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. For a number of years Professor Dean has enlisted the services of the Chinese fishers on the California coast in gathering the eggs of the Pacific rat-fish *Chimæra colliei*, and by incubating them in submerged floats has obtained a series of these unique embryos. The present monograph on their development reveals Professor Dean's ability both in exposition of embryological research and in exquisite color illustration. The most important conclusion reached is that these holocephalus shark-like fishes, instead of being among the most primitive vertebrates, as has been the consensus of opinion heretofore, are widely modified and extremely specialized forms; this interpretation being strengthened by the evidences of anatomy, embryology, and palæontology.

"An Investigation of Evolution in Chrysomelid Beetles of the Genus Leptinotarsa," by Prof. W. L. Tower, is the title of Publication No. 48 of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Probably no group of insects has received such thorough monographic treatment from the point of view of ecology and evolution as Professor Tower has given the genus *Leptinotarsa* in this beautifully illustrated volume. This genus embraces forty-three species, of which the best known is the common potato beetle. Starting with the distribution of the group, Professor Tower passes to individual variation in color pattern, size, and shape; he discusses the structure, ontogeny, and phylogeny of coloration in these and other insects; experimental modification of the colors and the significance of the various hues and patterns, both in the larvæ and adults; the normal habits and instincts of these beetles; details of interesting selection experiments in breeding and the production of new races; and a final chapter on the relation of all the results obtained to the problem of the origin of species. Professor Tower believes that somatic variations produced by external stimuli are not factors in evolution. The thoroughness of the work and the clearness of exposition inspire confidence in the results and conclusions. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of evolution; and based as it is upon a combination of field observation and experimental research, is an adumbration of the scientific work of the future.

Major Powell-Cotton has just returned from a twenty-seven months' journey in Central Africa, the scientific results of which are very valuable. In addition to a white rhinoceros, he secured six species of forest animals previously unknown to science. He did not see a live okapi, but obtained a skin and complete skeleton of an adult male. Many months were spent with the pygmies of the great Ituri Forest, of whose language he obtained phonographic records. On Lake Albert Edward a tribe was discovered who spend their whole lives on the water, their houses being built on floating platforms, anchored to long poles.

Professor Brunon of the Medical School of Rouen has obtained noteworthy results from an easy open-air treatment applied to one hundred cases of pulmonary tuberculosis among children from two to sixteen years of age. The observations cover a period of five years from 1901 to 1905; the children were all treated in the regular Hospice Général of the city, the length of the treatment varying from one month to two years. The children pass the day and take their meals in open-air galleries forming a hospital "Aerium." The treatment goes on in all seasons and all weathers, from eight o'clock in the morning to four in the evening in winter and from six in the morning to eight in the evening in summer. During the night the children are placed in common halls, but some of the windows of these halls are kept constantly open, no matter what the season or weather or degree of night temperature. The cleanliness of these halls is obtained by very severe discipline. Floor, walls, and furniture are wiped every day with damp cloths. The children are obliged to maintain strict bodily cleanliness. The report adds:

We do not subject these little patients to intensive diet (*suralimentation*); they have the food of the hospital ward, supplemented by raw meat and foods preserved in oil; in general, little cooked meat, much starch food and cooked fruit, and water to drink. We are led to believe that water given to drink habitually increases the appetite, helps digestion, and causes the patient to gain in weight.

The final report of the geological exploration of the French Sahara, from Alger to Timbuctoo, has been presented by M. Chudeau to the Société de Géographie of Paris. Only two notable gaps now remain in our knowledge of this vast region. One is the Atlantic stretch between Senegal and Morocco; the other, the inland territories to the east of the Tchad. The latter is still a district of the slave trade. Not France alone, but England and civilization are interested in the opening up of this unknown land.

Capt. Roald Amundsen gave an account of his expedition to the North Magnetic Pole and through the Northwest Passage at the February meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. It was largely taken up with a description of the magnetic observations, which, with the meteorological, were "kept going day and night without interruption for nineteen months." By these and by excursions to parts of the country adjacent to their headquarters "he succeeded by the help of declination in absolutely proving what of late had been assumed on theoretic grounds—namely, that the magnetic pole had not an immovable and stationary situation, but in all probability was in continual movement." Much light will be thrown upon the manner in which this movement took place when the observations are worked out.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, No. 1, contains, as its only article, an account of Alaska by Dr. Alfred Rühl, which is a résumé of the facts given by A. H. Brooks in a "Professional Paper" recently published by the United States Geological Survey. The material is grouped under the headings of coasts, the four great geographical provinces, the hydrography, climate, and geology. It is accompanied by an admirable colored map, founded on that of Barnard, with additions, and three insets, showing the geological formation, the distribution of vegetation, and the extent of the glaciers and snow fields in the Ice Age.

In the current issue, No. 592, of the *Astronomical Journal*, Prof. Simon Newcomb presents a summary of his extended memoir about to be published, "The Action of the Planets on the Moon." The work, carried through under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, and with the aid of Dr. Frank E. Ross, is regarded by Professor Newcomb as a continuation and practical completion of his contribution to the same subject, issued in 1894 as one of the Astronomical Papers of the "American Ephemeris." His theme is treated under eight headings, in each of which he gives a concise summary of his determinations. Other papers in the *Journal* are observations of comets at the Cincinnati Observatory and at Carleton College, observations of the satellites of Saturn at the Naval Observatory at Washington, and of a suspected variable star at the Yerkes Observatory.

The Villauri prize of 28,000 francs will be awarded by the Turin Royal Academy of Sciences to the scholar who publishes the most important work in physical science before the last day of 1910.

Professor Wilhelm von Bezold, director of the Royal Prussian Meteorological Institute, has just died at the age of sixty-nine.

The death is announced of Marcel Bertrand, member of the French Institute, and an eminent geologist. He was born in 1847. Among his works are "Panama et les Phénomènes volcaniques," and "La Formation du Continent européen."

Drama.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" BY THE BEN GREET COMPANY.

The so-called Elizabethan performances of Ben Greet are less important, perhaps, for their actual achievements than for the lessons which they convey. They are given, of course, under what might seem at first sight to be serious disadvantages. There being no large amount of capital behind them, they are not extensively advertised; they offer no popular star for public adoration, are devoid of spectacular attraction, and make their chief appeal to the intelligence. They are caviare to the general. The fact, therefore, that they have prospered for so long is a proof that there is a large intelligent class to support them, in the face of much formidable opposition. Mr. Greet rarely has any players of distinction, for the simple reason that he cannot keep them. His is one of the few veritable stock companies in existence, and consequently one of the best schools of acting to be found anywhere. Naturally his young players as soon as they have learned their business under his capable supervision seek for more lucrative employment elsewhere.

His present company, with which he gave a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in the Garden Theatre on Monday evening, is plainly composed very largely of novices—whose speech and manner constantly betrayed them—and yet the representation as a whole was remarkably smooth, vivacious, and interesting, delightfully free from those intervals of sheer collapse which are so frequent in the ordinary star Shakespearean drama. All the actors supported each other loyally and with a mutual intelligence and sympathy very pleasant to see. They spoke their lines not always with much elocutionary skill, but with clear comprehension of their meaning, and generally with appropriate and natural gestures. Some valuable points were missed here and there, but the spirit of the comedy was, in the main, well preserved. Some of the individual performances were uncommonly good. Among them may be mentioned the Antonio, who was dignified, tender, and pathetic without being in the least a prig; the Bassanio, a well-spoken gentleman and agreeable lover; the Gratiano, the Duke, the Princes of Arragon and Morocco—but, indeed, the whole list was commendable. A special word of praise is due to the Portia, an exceedingly capable, graceful, and spirited assumption which shone especially in the trial scene. Ben Greet's Shylock is tolerably well known here. It is red-headed and comic, not always realistic, but never touched by idealism. Unquestionably it has a certain amount of traditional authority on its side and much cleverness as well, but it will never be popular among the admirers of Booth, Irving, or Possart. It fits well, however, in the Shakespearean picture, and it is scarcely too much to say that this representation, with its full text and practically no scenery, gives a more correct view of the play than any of the abbreviated, spectacular productions.

George Broadhurst has not improved his budding reputation as a serious dramatist by "The Mills of the Gods," produced on Monday evening in the Astor Theatre. This piece deals with no particular social condition, or movement, or problem, and depends upon no conflict of character, but is an ordinary melodrama of situation and coincidence, with the usual sentimental, sensational, and realistic attachments. It tells the tale of a devoted and virtuous brother, who steals (when he might just as well have borrowed) for the sake of a dying sister; he is convicted and sent to jail, and afterwards builds up a fortune, only to be blackmailed by an accomplice whom he finally tries to kill. At last he is rescued from his troubles by a free pardon, a fit ending to a most conventional plot. Even as melodrama the play is not well made, but a court scene in the first act is veracious in detail, and there is a "thrilling" midnight encounter between the hero and his persecutor. On these two episodes the fate of the performance depends. Whether it prospers or not it fulfils none of the expectations excited by "The Man of the Hour."

There is mourning among the theatrical reformers of Chicago over the demise of the New Theatre, a calamity which was foreseen by the experienced from the very first. The ideal theatre is a matter of growth not of establishment. Any attempt to create it by means of a moderate sum of money, an inexperienced man-

ager and a scratch company was foredoomed from the start. The Chicago enthusiasts, it seems, had no plays, plans, or performers. The only piece of real importance which they put on, badly, was the "El Gran Galeoto" of Echegary, and that, of course, had been well done in New York. "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" is an excellent comedy that was popular thirty years ago. Herne's "Margaret Fleming" never had the significance claimed for it by a handful of its admirers. There was no reason why an endowed theatre should be built for the perpetuation of pieces of this sort. But it has been the destiny thus far of almost every independent theatre here, in England, or in Europe, to be devoted to trivial, fantastically impossible, or unclean plays. Nothing has come out of them within the last twenty-five years in the least worth preservation. But the experiments continue. Soon, it is announced, Chicago is to have its ideal Players' Theatre. May it do better than any of its predecessors.

A dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Spoilers," will be presented at the New York Theatre, March 11.

Beerbohm Tree is perfecting the arrangements for his Berlin visit. He will appear in "Richard II.," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Man Who Was," "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night," "Trilby," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

There has been a revival of John Bale's old morality play, "King John," at Ipswich in England. This is among the earliest dramatic works in which actual historical characters were introduced.

Music.

Opera Singers. By Gustav Kobbé. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Nowhere in the world is there such a cult of the opera singer as in New York. Most of the famous vocalists of both continents are here during our four months' season, and they get more attention from the newspapers than perhaps any other class of persons engaged in harmless pursuits. Mr. Kobbé was therefore well advised in devoting a volume to them. It is intended primarily as a pictorial souvenir. There are 139 costume portraits, 27 of which are full-page. They include some artists who have abandoned the stage—among them Lilli Lehmann and Jean de Reszke—but for the most part the portraits are those of singers who still visit us annually. The latest favorite, Miss Geraldine Farrar, is pictured five times, in the rôles of Mignon, Marguerite, and Juliet. The new singers imported by Oscar Hammerstein are also pictured. Of ten of the artists—Calvé, Caruso, Eames, Melba, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Ternina, Jean and Edouard de Reszke—there are biographic sketches, which may be regarded as reliable inasmuch as the data for them were supplied by the singers themselves.

The notion that singers come chiefly from the south is not upheld by facts. Sweden contributed Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson, and in our own country Maine leads with Annie Louise Carey, Emma Eames, and Lillian Nordica. Emma Eames, to be sure, was born in China, but her family home was in Maine. Lillian Nordica narrowly escaped falling a victim to New England Puritan prejudices. Her grandfather would not allow his son to bring a violin into the house. Her father and mother sang—in church, the only place where it was not considered sinful to do so. When she went on the stage she received letters from home begging her not to disgrace her family name by dragging it into the theatre; so she gave up Norton and called herself Nordica. Mme. Melba's real name was Nellie Mitchell. Apart from these two cases, one is struck by the fact that the once general custom of assuming a stage name has practically gone out.

The attention of the thousands of young women who scorn home life and fancy that prima donnas live in an earthly paradise may be called to several pages in Mr. Kobbé's book which convey a different impression. Mme. Ternina "has attained much. There is even a Ternina cult. Yet she is unhappy," because she feels that she has never been able to reach her ideals. According to Mme. Sembrich, "an operatic career is a fine thing, but an opera-singer really doesn't 'live,' and if it were not for a few minutes' joy when you hear thousands applauding, there would be little tempting in the career. . . . If one only could always end a performance and never begin it." Mme. Nordica speaks of the agonies experienced during a performance; even under the most favorable circumstances "there are awful moments." Mme. Calvé has given her testimony to the fact that even the most successful career as an opera singer does not atone for the loss of family life; while Jean de Reszke often spoke of the fact that devotion to duty practically made slaves of himself and his brother.

Walter Damrosch will increase the New York Symphony Orchestra to 102 players for the final concerts of this season's series to be given at Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening, March 9, and Sunday afternoon, March 10. Richard Strauss's fantastic "Till Eulenspiegel," one of the principal numbers on the programme, demands such a large apparatus for performance.

The death of Sir August Manns, announced from London last Saturday, removes an eminent and respected figure from the English musical world. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the missionary work which he did, in the popularization of good music, during the long years of his courageous and indefatigable public service. Although his name was not so familiar beyond the limits of Great Britain as those of some other conductors of his period—Sir Charles Hallé, Sir Michael Costa, and Alfred Mellon, for instance—his labors, so far as the great multitude is concerned, were, perhaps, more influential and beneficial than theirs collectively, for the simple reason that he appealed to far larger audiences. For nearly half a century he organized and conducted all the concerts at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and his programmes included much that was best in the whole range of orchestral music, ancient and modern. As a conductor he was sound rather than brilliant, but his taste was comprehensive and sure, his knowledge of instrumental capacity profound, and his control over his musicians absolute. He made his orchestra one of the best in the United Kingdom. August Manns, born of poor parents near Stettin, Germany, March, 1825, displayed natural aptitude as a musician almost before he could walk or talk. As an infant prodigy he played the flute in the village band. Service in a military band brought him to the attention of Wieprecht, the inspector-general of military music, who promptly transferred him to Gungl's orchestra in Berlin. After considerable successes he resolved to seek his fortune in England. In the spring of 1854 he attracted attention as sub-conductor of the wind band at the then new Crystal Palace. Eighteen months later, after brief seasons at Leamington, Edinburgh, and Amsterdam, he finally accepted the appointment of musical director at Sydenham; and began the popular Saturday concerts, which in the course of time came to be regarded almost as a national institution. The fame of Sir August Manns—he received his knighthood in 1904, after fifty years of almost uninterrupted musical labor—was inseparably connected with the Crystal Palace. He conducted occasionally in London and other cities, and sometimes paid professional visits to the Continent, but it was beneath the crystal dome of the vast building at Sydenham that he built up an almost unique reputation as an equally capable interpreter of either popular or classical music, and an enthusiastic pioneer in every direction of musical development. He was a great admirer of Schumann, and did more than any other one man, perhaps, to make the works of that composer widely known in Great Britain. During his long career he was the recipient of many honors, and enjoyed the friendship of many illustrious composers. In 1882 there was a great demonstration in recognition of his work.

Vernon Blackburn, musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is dead, at the age of forty-two. After taking his bachelor's degree at London University he "attempted a religious career, with dire failure"—to use his own words. For a time he was on the staff of the *National Observer*, under W. E. Henley. His books are "The Fringe of an Art" and "Bayreuth and Munich."

Art.

Correggio. By T. Sturge Moore. 56 illustrations. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. $2 net.

"Correggio," by T. Sturge Moore, more than bears out the excellent reputation of the red-covered artist biographies published by Duckworth in England and imported by the Scribners. The style is occasionally crabbed, its discursiveness extreme, but as the sincere effort of a poet's mind to interpret a most poetical painter it abounds in wisdom even in the byways of the theme. Mr. Moore is a poet of the *Parnassien* type, and his thinking is compact, as a critic, even when his rhetoric is diffuse. The originality of the book lies largely in the asides, though the author does good service in challenging previous vague attempts to define the peculiar sort of ecstasy wherein Correggio's Correggiosity must surely consist. Mr. Moore's own view is that the master fully realized him-

self only in a handful of the classical pictures, notably the Io, the Ganymede, and perhaps the Antiope. As the favored decorator of the provincial and by no means highly cultured court of Parma, Correggio lacked the sustaining forces behind a Titian or a Michelangelo, frequently availing himself too readily of his own formulas, seldom realizing the full dignity of his position as artist. He is to be classed with the nostalgic souls, who neither profit by surroundings nor dominate them, and his mastery accordingly is perhaps the most individual of any the painter's art can show. Reynolds, Mr. Moore holds, has done fullest justice to Correggio's prodigious technical merit—in particular, to that "fulness of effect" in chiaroscuro which establishes a bond with that otherwise wholly alien genius, Rembrandt. Mr. Moore's adherence to Reynolds may serve as an index to the sanity and enthusiasm that underlie the occasional asperities of his discourse.

Though the book makes no pretensions to connoisseurship, it is adequate on that side. It omits in the lists a drawing, in the Metropolitan Museum, for the four half-concealed *putti* in the pendentives of St. Giovanni Evangelista, Parma, and one in the Yale Art School at New Haven. It also reproduces casually (plate 19)—the author has not seen the picture—what is likely to be a mere copy of the Naples "Marriage of St. Catherine," for no better reason apparently than that the picture is in the famous collection at Alnwick. In the main, we feel that Mr. Moore's judgment on the disputed pictures, such as the Ganymede, is likely to prevail over the skepticism of Ricci and others. We must close with an extract that will convey something of the quality of the work. Speaking of the classical myths, the author enlarges on the theme, and says:

That precious pedant who says, "This belongs to a thousand years ago; away with it! let me not contaminate my pure thought, my pure sense of beauty, with it!" forgets, poor dullard that he is, that every word he utters is a thing of a thousand years ago, and with roots in a yet more distant past. He forgets, or is incapable of feeling, how every sentiment that softens, thrills, or exhilarates his life, has grown and been transformed (or, if he will, adulterated), age after age, until it reached his mother in all its inexplicable complexity. . . . How wretched is that artist who sees with his eyes alone, whose mind colors nothing with remembered glory, whose heart softens nothing with reflected sentiment, whose blood makes nothing throb or tingle with infectious fire and energy. . . . Whitman was one-eared, Monet one-eyed, Zola half-hearted, Nietzsche half-souled.

Signor Rava, Italian minister of public instruction, has decided that the excavations at Herculaneum shall be carried out by the Italian Government, with Italian money and without foreign aid, "although gratefully taking into account the advice of eminent foreigners, such as Prof. Charles Waldstein of New York and Cambridge, England."

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts will have on view until March 23 an exhibition of paintings by Maria Oakey Dewing, of wood engravings by Timothy Cole, and of landscapes in oil by Ernest Lawson.

The Grolier Club will exhibit from March 8 to March 23, medals and placques by Victor D. Brenner.

Among the dealers' shows in this city are paintings by Charles H. Davis at Macbeth's till March 9, and eighteenth-century pictures of the French and English schools at K. J. Collins's.

The will of the late Stephen Salisbury of Worcester, Mass., which bequeathed property valued at between $2,000,000 and $3,500,000 to the Worcester Art Museum, founded by Mr. Salisbury, has been sustained by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

Julius Hasselblatt, the Berlin art critic, has died at the age of fifty-eight. Under the name G. Norden he contributed to various newspapers and magazines. Among his other works is "Historischer Überblick über die Kaiserlich-Russische Akademie der Künste."

At the auction of Georges Viau's paintings in Paris on Monday, the following prices were paid: Monet, Glaçons au Crépuscule, $3,520; Morisoto, Jeune Fille, $2,500; Sisley, Inondation, $2,000; Port Marly, $3,250; Degas, Famille Mante, $4,500; Danseuses à Foyer, $3,220; Manet, Madame Guillemet, $2,400; Renoir, Tonnelle, $5,200; Ingénue, $5,820; Daumier, Le Drame, $5,620; Cassatt, Maternité, $2,260.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 16, the following pictures were sold: Briton Rivière, Actæon, £325; G. F. Watts, Dawn, £598. At an auction on February 19 the sum of £136 was paid for an engraving by T. Watson, after Reynolds's Lady Bampfylde.

Finance.

"FORECASTS" BY A STOCK MARKET.

The rapid decline in Stock Exchange prices, during the last two weeks of December and the month of January, started anxious discussion as to whether the weakness foreshadowed reaction in general trade. When stocks recovered briskly, in the first two weeks of February, predictions of industrial relapse were less frequent. The renewed break in prices, within the past week, has in the same way revived the old misgivings. It is noticeable that, while Wall Street utters these forebodings, interior cities, where the country's trade itself converges, stoutly dispute the vaticination. Their frequent attitude is that of protest against making serious deductions of any sort from the course of Stock Exchange speculation. A ring of gamblers, exceedingly powerful and exceedingly reckless, so they reply, had managed by manipulating dividends, borrowing heavily in Europe, and buying up stocks with such borrowings, to create an utterly artificial range of prices. In the end, readjustment had to come. A situation in which, for nearly six months, merchants and manufacturers had been paying 6 per cent. or higher for their loans, while dividend-paying railway shares were selling at prices which yielded investors, at that level, only 2½ to 4 per cent., could be corrected in no other way. Stock market speculation, so this argument proceeds, had been absorbing throughout the winter capital urgently needed in general trade; now the inflated wind-bag has been punctured, and such capital as had actually been withdrawn by it was released for the more legitimate purposes. How could such an outcome be interpreted as portending a trade reaction?

This retort from the interior cities was reasonable; not less so when Wall Street had witnessed, less than a year ago, a sweeping decline in Stock Exchange values on the news of the San Francisco disaster—a demonstration which found no response in the movement of general trade. Yet the fact remains that the great body of experienced business men take serious account of a wide upward or downward sweep of Stock Exchange prices. The merchant who turns first to the stock market page of his afternoon newspaper, does not always or usually do so because he is speculating in the market. He knows that, speaking broadly, advancing prices point toward favorable developments in trade, and *vice versa*; and he conducts his own affairs accordingly. If he recalls his own experience, he will remember that such a panicky decline on the Stock Exchange as occurred in 1893 was ended before the movement of trade and industry had been clearly defined, but that what it may now be seen to have foretold was the twelve-month of stagnant industry in 1894. Similarly, the prolonged rise in stocks in the autumn of 1897, and the advance of prices in 1898, despite the Spanish war, were forerunners of the real trade recov-

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ery of the next three years. The Stock Exchange speculation of April, 1901, was wildly exaggerated by the misuse of credit and the diversion of trust funds into speculation; nevertheless, it was no inaccurate forecast of the exceedingly prosperous trade years, 1901 and 1902. The prolonged and violent decline in stocks during 1903 had been three months under way before trade returns gave any sign of industrial reaction; the Stock Exchange was demoralized in March; yet in May the country's "industrial barometer," its output of iron, had increased to the maximum monthly figure of our history. Not until October, when the decline in stocks was practically over, did the iron trade show distinct signs of reaction, and the halt in general trade occur. In all these instances, the Stock Exchange's prophecy was correct.

Why should the stock market possess this power of forecasting events in other markets, thereby becoming, as Macaulay described it nearly half a century ago, "the pulse which has for five generations continued to indicate the variations of the body politic"? The common and most obvious answer is, that the buying or selling orders, under which such a market moves, come from wealthy investors, whose experience or private information qualifies them to see further ahead than the ordinary man. This, in a general way, answers the question; but it does not go quite to the root of the matter. Naturally, such investors buy or sell, because they know that "good times" will increase the earnings and dividends of railways or manufacturing concerns, and "bad times" are likely to cut such earnings down. What is more, the capitalist, experienced in the ways of the money market, can often, in the light of today's phenomena, read that market's future months ahead.

Current events in the bank situation, in the course of foreign exchange, in the state of outside money markets—even in the domain of politics, where a new line of policy might involve large demands on capital for public uses, or large release of money to the markets—will at times point unerringly to abundance or scarcity of investment capital some months later. If abundant supplies are thus to be expected, sagacious capitalists will buy stocks, reckoning that, later on in the season, investors generally will be using their surplus funds on the Stock Exchange. If, on the other hand, signs of the times indicate coming scarcity of capital and exorbitant money rates, the far-sighted operator will be likely to part with his holdings, on the theory that, before long, the investing and speculating community will be selling to pay off its debts or use its capital in other directions. Be it noted also that these very conditions of the money market underlie very largely expansion or reaction in general industry. Great plethora of capital, easy rates for money, usually mean that business plans will be energetically pursued; that demand for manufactured goods and building material will be large, and that profits in all lines of industry will be enhanced accordingly. Actual scarcity of capital is likely to mean precisely the reverse, and each possibility is kept in mind on the Stock Exchange.

There is this much of truth, however, in the objection, cited above, to inference from Stock Exchange movements as to the future of trade prosperity: in a highly speculative period, the Stock Exchange overdoes things. There are always reckless spirits in the market—sometimes, as in 1901 and 1906, powerful capitalists with a previous record for conservatism—who lose their own heads at the sight of a violent rise or fall in prices, and speculate for their own account, as if the existing movement was to have no end. When this occurs, a wholly unreasonable range of Stock Exchange prices is created, which must find its own readjustment, quite irrespective of conditions elsewhere. Because values on such a stock market have advanced or declined, say, 20 per cent., within a month or two, it does not follow that trade and industry will forthwith expand or contract in the same proportion. People who would read the industrial future, at such times, will be wise in studying, not so much the Stock Exchange fluctuations as the actual money market situation which exists behind them.

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Allen, F. Sturges. Principles of Spelling Reform. The Bradley-White Co.
Arminjon, Pierre. L'Enseignement, la Doctrine et la Vie dans les Universités Musulmanes d'Egypte. Paris: Felix Alcan.
Ayer, John Edwin. Living by Natural Law. Seattle, Wash.: Lowman & Hanford. $1.
Badgley, Nathan Eddy. The Equitable Union.
Barker, Lewellys F. Anatomical Terminology. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 net.
Bates, Carroll Lund. The Master. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Brinton, Selwyn. Correggio. Frederick F. Warne & Co. $1.25 net.
Brown, Theron and Hezekiah Butterworth. The Story of the Hymns and Tunes. American Tract Society. $1.50 net.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1907. London: Scientific Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Congressional Directory. 59th Congress, 2d Session. Washington.
Cruttwell, Maud. Antonio Pollaiuolo. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics. Edited by Frederick M. Padelford. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
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Farrer, J. A. Literary Forgeries. Longmans. $2.25.
Foster, Frank Hugh. A Genetic History of the New England Theology. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.
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Gascoigne, G. Supposes and Jocasta. Edited by John W. Cunliffe. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gaskell, Mrs. North and South.—My Lady Ludlow.—Sylvia's Lovers.—Cousin Phillis.—Wives and Daughters. Knutsford Edition. Putnams. $1.50 each.
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Griggs, Edward Howard. Poetry and Philosophy of Tennyson.—Ethics of Personal Life.—Moral Leaders.—Shakespeare.—Goethe's Faust.—Poetry and Philosophy of Browning.—Divine Comedy of Dante. B. W. Huebsch.
Gronau, Georg. Michael Angelo. Frederick F. Warne & Co.
Hapgood, Hutchins. The Spirit of Labor. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.
Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales. Edited by Robert H. Beggs. Macmillan Co.
Joseph, N. S. Religion: Natural and Revealed. Macmillan Co.
Lawton, Frederick. Life of Auguste Rodin. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
MacCall, Joseph F. The Curse of Rome.
Martin, Martha. Nature-Lyrics. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Mason, A. E. W. Running Water. Century Co. $1.50.
Maxwell, Gerald. The Miracle Worker. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Meyers Konversationslexikon. Vols. 14 and 15. Lemcke & Buechner.
Mitchell, W. Structure and Growth of the Mind. Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.
Muther, Richard. The History of Painting. 2 vols. Putnams. $5 net.
Newspaper Annual, 1907. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son. $5 net.
Newton, Samuel Donald. The Dolorous Blade. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Nixon, Alfred, and George H. Richardson. Secretarial Work and Practice. Longmans. $1.50.
Pearl. Edited by Charles G. Osgood, jr. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co
Penfield, Frederic Courtland. East of Suez. Century Co. $2 net.
Pitman's Short Course in Shorthand. Isaac Pitman & Sons. $1.25.
Reich, Emil. Success in Life. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.
Reinsch, Paul S. American Legislatures and Legislative Methods. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Reinach, Salomon. Tableaux inédits ou peu connus. Paris: Lévy et Fils.
Richard, Margaret A. Virginia Vaughan. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
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Ruhl, Arthur. A Break in Training. Outing Publishing Co.
Schiller, F. C. S. Studies in Humanism. Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.
Schnabel, Carl. Handbook of Metallurgy. Translated by Henry Louis. Vol. II. Macmillan Co.
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Synge, M. B. A Short History of Social Life in England. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Tillson, Benjamin H. The Complete Automobile Instructor. John Wiley & Sons. $1.50.
Van Eeden, Frederik. The Quest. Translated by L. W. C. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Walt, William H. A German Science Reader. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
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Wister, Owen. How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee. Macmillan Co. 50 cents.
Wright, Mabel Osgood. Birdcraft. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
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